

THE
NIGHTINGALE:
A
COLLECTION
OF ANCIENT AND MODERN
SONGS,
SCOTS AND ENGLISH;
NONE OF WHICH ARE IN RAMSAY:

AND A VARIETY OF
FAVOURITE SONGS AND CATCHES,
WHICH NEVER APPEARED IN ANY COLLECTION.

WITH
TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
THE EDINBURGH BUCK:
An EPILOGUE, written by Mr. R. FERGUSSON.



EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR J. MURRAY.

MDCC LXXVI.





I N D E X.

A	
AT the brow of a hill a fair shepherdes dwelt	17
As now my bloom comes on apace	31
A man that's neither high nor low	33
As thro' the green meadow I chanced to pass	35
Attend all ye shepherds and nymphs to my lay	ib
An old woman clothed in grey	61
Awake, my love, with genial ray	69
A dawn of hope my soul revives	82
Adieu, ye streams, that smoothly glide	85
A ladie and a lassie	93
A lass that was laden'd with care	95
Alas, when charming Sylvia's gone	98
Amidst a rosy bank of flowers	103
At noon-tide, as Colin and Sylvia lay	ib
As bringing home, the other day	113
A term full as long as the siege of old Troy	119
As Jamie gay gang'd blyth his way	135
A friend of mine came here yestreen	137
Ask if yon damask rose be sweet	143
As tinkering Tom the streets his trade did cry	ib
Away to the field, see the morning looks grey	154
Ah me, how heavy, and how slow	166
As o'er the mountain's grassy side	167
Attend me a while, ye adventuring throng	176
As it fell out on a lang summer's day	179
Alas, my son, you little know	195
As I was a walking ae May-morning	196
And now, to be brief, let's pass over the rest	201
As I went forth to take the air	204
As the Mogul sat in his palace	208
Aaron thus propos'd to Moses	214
A hoghead was offer'd to Bacchus his shrine	ib
B	
Blyth young Bess to Jean did say	18
By the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill	42
Beneath a green shade a lovely young swain	58
Britons, loyal and bold	64

Breathe soft ye winds, be calm ye skies	79
Bright Sol is return'd, the winter is o'er	81
By Pinky-house oft let me walk	93
By the gayly circling glass	102
Behold this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree	159
Behold from many an hostile shore	176
But are you sure the news is true	186
Braw braw lads of Galla-water	206

C

Come gi's a sang, the Lady cry'd	13
Come haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye neighbours	43
Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer	45
Cease rude Boreas, blust'ring railer	46
Coming home with my milk the young 'squire I met	59
Come Colin, pride of rural swains	80
Clavers and his Highlandmen	125
Come here, we're all jovial and hearty	147
Come, Amanda, charming creature	171

D

Down by yon shady grove	68
De'il tak the wars that hurried Billy frae me	134
Dear Chloe, come give me sweet kisses	138
Do you hear, brother sportsman, the sound of the horn	155
Donald's a shentleman, an' evermore shall	195

E

Ere Phebus shall peep on the fresh-budding flow'r	100
---	-----

F

From Roslin-castle's echoing walls	24
From anxious zeal and factious strife	84
For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove	90
For the lack of gold she's left me	92
From sweet bewitching tricks of love	116
Fly swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive	150
Fame, let thy trumpet sound	212

G

Gin e'er I'm in love, it shall be with a lass	48
Gay Damon long study'd my heart to obtain	150
Guardian angels, now protect me	173
Gilderoy was a bonny boy	188
Gin I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire	197

H

How hard is the fortune of all womankind	25
How happy a lover's life passes	40
Hollo, keep it up, boys, and push round the glass	102
How blest has my time been, what joys have I known	113

I N D E X.

How can you, lovely Nancy, thus cruelly slight	114
How easy was Colin, how blyth, and how gay	117
How happy is he, whoever he be	120
He comes, he comes, the hero comes	121
Hark, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the vale	140
How little do the landmen know	142
How glorious their virtue who nobly contrive	156
Hopeless still in silent anguish	173
Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie	176
Herfell pe Highland shentleman	193
Hey how Johnny lad	198
Had she not care enough, care enough	214
Hark, the bonny Christ-church bells	ib

I

I am a brisk young lively lass	16
In the dress of free-masons, fit garments for Jove	19
In good King Charles's golden days	20
I'll tell you a jest that will make you merry	30
It fell about the Martinmas-time	36
In Brechin did a webster dwell	37
In city, town, and village, my fancy oft hath rov'd	66
I thought it once a lonesome life	73
In Scotland there liv'd a humble beggar	75
I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling	84
If love's a sweet passion, how can it torment	111
If wine be a cordial, why does it torment	ib
I'm sorry, dear brethren, I'm forc'd to comply	119
I've spent my time in rioting	124
In the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome	133
In fair Edina dwelt a maid	157
I had a horse, and I had nae mair	185
I've heard of a liting at our ewes milking	191
I'll sing of my lover, all night and all day	203
I'll sing of my Jenny all day and all night	203
In ancient times, as songs rehearse	210
Jocky he came here to woo	87
Jack, thou'rt a toper	213

K

Keep ye weel frae Sir John Malcolm	98
------------------------------------	----

L

Leave, neighbours, your work, and to sport and to play	15
Let the grave and the gay enjoy life how they may	39
Love's the tyrant of the heart	77
Let the tempest of war	78

I N D E X.

Let ambition fire thy mind	87
Lovely nymph assuage my anguish	172
Lovely Damon, when thou'rt near me	ib
Let lords about court boast of stars and of strings	174
M	
My name is Argyl; you may think it strange	26
Merry may the maid be	32
Maidens, let your lovers languish	53
My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheephook	58
My love was once a bonny lad	85
Many are the toils of mankind	161
N	
No more my song shall be ye swains	23
Near the side of a pond, at the foot of a hill	42
No longer let whimsical songsters compare	147
O	
Oh, how could I venture to love one like thee	29
O Daniel Swine has gotten a wife	34
One morning as I walk'd	49
O Nelly, no longer thy Sandy now mourn	60
Once more I'll tune the vocal shell	83
O saw ye Johnny cumin', quo' she	86
O'er Scotia's parched land the Naiads flew	105
O will you ha'e a tartan plaid	191
O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother	197
One night, as poor Colin lay musing on bed	200
P	
Prythee, fill me the glass, till it laughs in my face	214
R	
Robin is my only jo	207
S	
Stern winter has left us, the trees are in bloom	22
Says Plato, Why should man be vain	44
Since honour has attended upon the marry'd state	67
Some say kissing's a sin	69
Shepherds, would ye hope to please us	79
See the conquering hero comes	80
Since wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgin's despis'd	95
Saw ye nae my Peggy	97
Sure a lass in her bloom, at the age of nineteen	118
Sweet Annie frae the sea beech came	132
Since pleasure's in fashion, and life's but a jest	164
Since with verdant beauties smiling	170
Since my Phillis has fallen, has fallen to my share	213

T

'Twas in that season of the year	23
The man that is drunk is void of all care	25
The spring-time returns, and clothes the green plains	28
'Tis a maxim I hold, while I live to pursue	29
'I was underneath a May blown blush	54
There was a jolly miller once	56
'Twas early in a morning, a morning of May	57
The four-and-twentieth day of May	63
There was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was bound	73
The silver moon's enamour'd beams	76
There's knife-grinders enough, Sirs	77
Tho' my dress and my manners is simple and plain	80
'Twas on a Monday morning	90
The women all tell me I'm false to my last	109
Tho' Fate has controul'd me, and laid me aside	114
'Twixt pleasing hope, and painful fear	ib
Tho' women by proud men are scorn'd	117
The sun was sleeping in the main	122
There's some say that we wan, some say that they wan	127
The Chevalier being void of fear	130
'Tis nae very lang finfyne	136
Tho' ladies look gay, when of beauty they boast	139
To you that are lovers these lines I address	ib
That Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride	140
To the sons of true humour this billet's address'd	144
The sportsman may boast of his well-scented hound	149
The nymph that I lov'd was as chearful as day	151
The pride of all Nature was sweet Willy O	157
The Queen of all Nature is sweet Jenny O	ib
Tho' winter may fright us, and chill us with cold	163
The echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad	164
'Twas in that gay time of the year	168
The topsail shivers in the wind	175
There liv'd a wife in our gate-end	177
The ploughman he's a bonny lad	181
The tailor came to clout the claise	ib
The maid's gane to the mill by night	183
There came a young man to my daddy's door	184
There was a shepherd's son	187
Thursday in the morning, the nineteenth of May	211

W

Wha wadna be in love	33
Wert thou but mine ain thing	39
While beaux to please the ladies write	41

When I think on this world's pelf	71
When Bibb thought fit from the world to retreat	78
With the man that I love was I destin'd to dwell	81
When Jocky was blest with your love and your truth	89
Woo'd and married and a'	99
We're gayly yet, and we're gayly yet	101
Would you relish a rural retreat	104
Where winding Forth adorns the vale	105
What shepherd, or nymph of the grove	112
When Jessy smil'd, her lovely look	115
When first by fond Damon Flavilla was seen	121
When gentle Harriet first I saw	123
When Bacchus, the patron of love, wit, and mirth	145
When I enter'd my teens, and threw play-things aside	151
Well met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young swain	153
When daisies py'd, and violets blew	154
While thus, mighty Bacchus, we sing thy great glory	163
Wine, wine we allow the brisk fountain of mirth	165
While pensive on the lonely plain	199
When our valiant ancestors did land in this Isle	ib
When Meggy and me were acquaint	207
When Britain first, by Heaven's command	212
V	
Vows of love should ever bind	79
Y	
Young Strephon, I own, is the joy of my heart	43
Ye mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex	46
Ye fair, who shine thro' Britain's Isle	51
Ye muses nine, O lend your aid	65
Ye sylvan pow'rs that rule the plain	70
Ye mortals, whom trouble and sorrow attend	78
Ye shepherds, who, blest in your loves	122
Ye well chose choice spirits who blazon this throng	141
Ye national schemers, a while give me leave	146
Ye belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things	148
Young Colin fishing near the mill	152
Ye Warwickshire lads and ye lasses	158
Ye true sons of Scotia together unite	160
Ye lads and ye lasses, ye belles and ye beaux	169
Ye, who oft finish care in Lethe's cup	215



TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS, IN THREE CLASSES.



C L A S S I.

ALL Gentlemen who wear Scots cloth.

A cobweb pair of breeches; a porcupine saddle; a hard trotting horse; and a long journey to the enemies of their country.

Confusion to those, who, wearing the mask of Patriotism, pull it off, and desert the cause of Liberty in the day of trial.

The steady friends of Scotland.

That prudence, moderation, and an invariable attention to the public good, may cement the Members of Par.

May the friends of Scotland ever have access to the throne.

May our Representatives, like Free-Masons, be elected by ballot.

Long corns and short shoes to all the enemies of Scotland.

Honour and influence to the public-spirited Patrons of Trade.

Contempt to those who strut in foreign foppery, to the destruction of the trade and manufactures of Scotland.

Perpetual disappointment to the enemies of their country.

A speedy export to all the enemies of Scotland, without a drawback.

The honest North-country Smith, who refused to shoe for the man who voted against his country.

The honest Patriot, and unbiassed Briton.

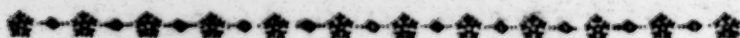
May the enemies of Scotland never eat the bread thereof, or if they do, be choaked with the first bit.

May we be always able to distinguish those, who, by a steady and uniform adherence to their duty, distinguish themselves.

Union, stability, and fidelity, among the sons of Liberty. Liberty, Property, and no Excise.

All true hearts and sound bottoms.

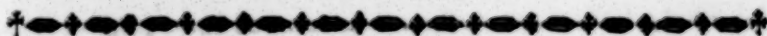
May our conscience be sound, tho' our fortune be rotten.
 May power be influenced only by justice.
 May he who wants friendship also want friends.
 May authority be amiable, without debasing its dignity.
 May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.
 May we never seek applause from party principles, but always deserve it from public-spirit.
 May we never set our friend to sale, or our conscience to hire.
 May our distinguishing mark be merit rather than money.
 May we never destroy any person's credit to establish our own.
 May we be incorruptible by interest, and uninfluenced by power.
 May all great men be good, and all good men great.
 The man who dares be honest in the worst of times.
 The two strangers at Court, Honour and Honesty.
 May no coward wear a red coat, nor no hypocrite a black.
 May those who inherit the title of gentlemen by birth, deserve it by their good behaviour.
 May hemp bind him whom honour can't.



C L A S S II.

MAY we, as Christians, be zealous without uncharitableness; — as subjects, loyal without servility; — and, as citizens, free without faction.
 May our virtues be rather the effects of Religion than the gifts of Nature.
 May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.
 May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.
 May fortune be always attendant on virtue.
 May religion never be a cloak for guilt.
 May we never swear a tradesman out of his dues, or a credulous girl out of her virtue.
 May honour and honesty always triumph over vanity and hypocrisy.
 May our hearts have, for tenants, Truth, Candour, and Benevolence.
 Pleasures here, and happiness hereafter.
 Pleasures that please on reflection.
 May temporal concerns never break in upon spiritual duty.

May we never taste the bitter apples of affliction.
 May we be rich in friends rather than money.
 May we always be able to resist the assaults of prosperity
 and adversity.
 May the woman we love be honest, and the land we live
 in free.
 May genius and merit never want a friend.
 May the wings of Extravagancy be clipp'd by the shears of
 Economy.
 May the evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection.
 May we always have a friend, and know his value.
 May candour and honesty be our governing principles.
 May temptation never conquer virtue.
 May virtue always prove victorious.
 May our life, spent in acts of virtue, be finished by death
 seasoned with tranquility, and followed by a memory
 full of honour.



C L A S S III.

HEALTH in freedom, and content in bondage.
 May the single be married, and the married happy.
 Days of ease and nights of pleasure.
 The love of liberty, and liberty in love.
 A head to earn and a heart to spend.
 The friend we love, and the woman we dare trust.
 May we never want a friend and a bottle to give him.
 May they never want who have a spirit to spend.
 A safe voyage to Marryland.
 Liberty of the press, and a favourite volume in sheets.
 The three W's,—Women, Wit, and Wine.
 More industry and less vanity to the people of Scotland.
 Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea.
 Healths, hearts, homes, and inclinations.
 Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.
 Corn, Horn, Wool, and Yarn.
 Love without fear, and life without care.
 Delicate pleasure to susceptible minds.
 Condescension to the Ladies, and standing honour to the
 Gentlemen.
 Those who love pleasure, and contribute to it.
 Good-luck till we are tired of it.
 Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.

May Providence unite the hearts that love.
 Community, Unity, Navigation, and Trade.
 More friends, and less need of them.
 May we always be blest with what we like best.
 May the honest heart never feel distress.
 Sunshine and good-humour all the world over.
 Love in a cottage, and envy to none.
 Success to the Ladies in all their undertakings.
 Your love and mine, and the friends of the company.
 All we wish, and all we want.
 Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.
 Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.
 Health, Joy, and mutual Love.
 Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.
 Friendship, without interest, and love without deceit.
 May we be loved by those whom we love.
 Decent economy, and frugality without meanness.
 May each married Lady preserve her good-man ;
 And young Ladies get husbands as soon as they can.
 Health to the sick; honour to the brave ;
 Success to the lover; and freedom to the slave.
 May Reason be the pilot, where Passion blows the gale ;
 And Prudence the cockswain, when Love fills the sail.
 Life to the man who has courage to lose it ;
 And wealth to him who has spirit to use it.
 May ev'ry day be happier than the past ;
 And ev'ry hour merrier than the last.
 Horses strong; foxes plenty ;
 Men stout, and women healthy.
 Health, love, and ready *rins*,
 To all those whom you and I know.

The King.
 The Royal Family.
 The friends of government
 Life, love, and liberty.
 The Land of Cakes.
 Love and Friendship.
 Peace and Plenty.
 Every honest man his own.
 Patience in adversity.

Health and Competency.
 Love and opportunity.
 Love for love
 The agreeable rubs of life.
 The beggar's bennison.
 Gaiety and innocence.
 The road to a christening.
 The naked truth.
 The Royal-Arch.



S O N G S.



TULLOCHGORUM.

A SONG, by a Clergyman at Aberdeen.

*Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,
And reset well your fiddle-sticks,
But banish vile Italian tricks*

*Frac out your quorums,
Nor fortes wi' pianos mix,
Gie's Tullochgorum.*

Rv. M^r. Skinner

R. FERGUSON.

COME gie's a sang, the Lady cry'd,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their whipmegmorum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To spend this night with mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony fumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.

B

Blithe and merry we's be a',
 Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry we's be a',

To make a chearfu' quorum.

Blithe and merry we's be a',
 As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',

The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be so great a phrase
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
 I wadna gi'e our ain Strathspeys

For half a hundred score o'em.

They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 They're douf and dowie at the best,

Wi' a' their variorum.

They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegro's, and a' the rest,

They cannot please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly minds themselves oppress

Wi' fear of want, and double ceis,
 And silly fauls themselves distress

Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall we sae sour and fulky fit,
 Sour and fulky, four and fulky,
 Shall we sae sour and fulky fit,

Like auld Philosophorum?

Shall we sae sour and fulky fit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 And canna rise to shake a fit

At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest-hearted open friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end.

Be a' that's good before him!

May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,

And dainties a great store o' 'em!

May peace and plenty be his lot,

Unstain'd by any vicious blot !
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And blackest fiends devour him !
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And honest souls abhor him !
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whoe'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum !



The Miller's Wedding.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to sport and to
Let the tabor strike up, and the village be gay:— [play :
Let the tabor, &c.

No day thro' the year shall more cheerful be seen,
For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green.
For Ralph, &c.

Chor. I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we.

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a bride,
Be marry'd to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd;
My body's as stout, and my heart is as sound,
And my love, like my courage, will never give ground.
I love Sue, &c.

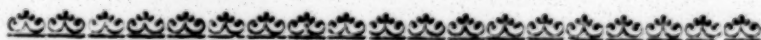
Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,
And prudently take the best bidders to bed;
Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss,
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.
I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your beaus,
 Nor bounces, nor flutters, nor wears your fine cloaths;
 In nothing he'll borrow from folks of high life,
 Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.

I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
 While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but lies still,
 Our joys shall continue, and ever be new,
 And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.

I love Sue, &c.



My Mother did so before me.

I Am a brisk young lively lass,
 A little more than twenty,
 And, by my comely air and drefs,
 I can have sweet-hearts plenty;
 But I'll beware of wedlock's snare,
 Tho' dying swains adore me;
 The men I'll teaze, myself to please,
 My mother did so before me.

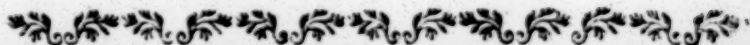
In rich brocades, and diamonds bright,
 Like gayest spring's delighting,
 My parts and humour shall unite
 To make me more inviting:
 For I'll advance, and learn to dance,
 To please shall be my glory;
 I'll learn to trace each step with grace,
 My mother did so before me.

I'll drefs as fine as fine can be,
 My pride shall be my pleasure;
 And tho' the neighbours envy me,
 To mind them I've no leisure.
 I'll take delight, both day and night,
 To be talk'd of in story;
 I'll have it said, There shines a maid!
 My mother did so before me.

To park and play I'll often go,
 To spend each leisure hour;

I'll walk and talk with ev'ry beau,
 And make them feel my pow'r.
 But if a dart should pierce my heart,
 From one that does adore me,
 We'll wed and kiss, what harm's in this?
 My mother did so before me.

Then will I manage, when I wed,
 My husband to perfection;
 For, as good wives have often said,
 "Keep husbands in subjection."
 No snarling fool shall o'er me rule,
 Or e'er eclipse my glory;
 I'll let him see I'll mistress be,
 My mother did so before me.



The Lads at the Brow of the Hill.

AT the brow of a hill a fair shepherdess dwelt,
 Who the pangs of ambition or love ne'er had felt,
 A few sober maxims still ran in her head,
 'Twas better to earn e'er she eat her brown bread;
 That to rise with the lark was conducive to health,
 And to folk in a cottage contentment was wealth.

Young Roger that liv'd in the valley below,
 Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau,
 Wou'd oftentimes try o'er her heart to prevail,
 And would rest on his pitchfork to tell her his tale;
 With his winning behaviour he so wrought on her heart,
 That, quite artless herself, she suspected no art.

He flatter'd, protested, he kneel'd, and implor'd;
 And would lie with the grandeur and air of a lord:
 Her eyes he commended, with language well dress'd,
 And enlarg'd on the tortures he felt in his breast;
 With his sighs and his tears he so soften'd her mind,
 That, in downright compassion, to love she inclin'd.

But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast,
 The heat of his passion in a moment decreas'd;

And now he goes flaunting all over the vale,
 And boasts of his conquests to Susan and Nell;
 Tho' he sees her but seldom he's always in haste,
 And whenever he mentions her, makes her his jest.

Take heed, ye young maidens of Britain's gay isle,
 How ye venture your hearts for a look or a smile;
 For young Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
 And you'll find a false Roger in every vale,
 Who to court you, and tempt you, will try all their skill,
 But remember the lass at the brow of the hill.



The Gawkie.

BLyth young Bess to Jean did say,
 Will ye gaung to yon sunny biae,
 Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
 And sport a while wi' Jamie?
 Ah na, lass, I'll no gang there,
 Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
 Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
 For he's tane up wi' Maggy.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
 Did I not see your Jamie pass,
 Wi' mickle gladness in his face,
 Out o'er the muir to Maggy.
 I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
 And Maggy took them ne'er amiss;
 'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
 That Bess was but a gawkie.

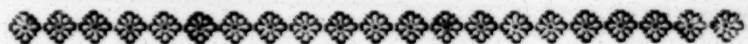
For whene'er a civil kiss I seek,
 She turns her head, and throws her check,
 And for an hour she'll scarcely speak;
 Who'd not call her a gawkie?
 But sure my Maggy has mair sense,
 She'll gi'e a score without offence;
 Now gi'e me ane unto the mense,
 And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae mony tane,
 But I will never stand for ane

Or twa, when we do meet again,
 Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
 Ah na, lafs, that ne'er can be,
 Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
 Or ony thy sweet face that see,
 E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whisht, nae mair of this we'll speak,
 For yonder Jamie does us meet;
 Instead of Meg he kist sae sweet,
 I trow he likes the gawkie.
 O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
 When I came by, your gown's sae new,
 I think you've got it wet wi' dew.
 Quoth she, that's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
 Sae ye may gang the gate you came,
 And tell it to your dawtie.
 The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek,
 He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,
 If I should gang another gate,
 I ne'er could meet my dawtie.



A M A S O N S O N G.

By a Brother of the Lodge of St Luke, Edinburgh.

Tune,—*In the garb of old Gaul.*

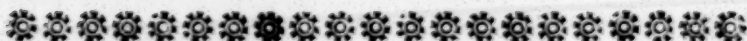
IN the drefs of Free Mafons, fit garments for Jove,
 With the strongest attachment, true brotherly love,
 We now are assembl'd, all jovial and free,
 For who are so wise, and so happy as we!
 And since we're bound, by secrecy, to unity and love,
 Let us, like Brethren, faithful still to ev'ry Brother prove:
 Thus, hand in hand, let's firmly stand,
 All Mafons, in a ring,
 Protectors of our native land,
 The Craft, and the King.

Tho' some, with ambition, for glory contend,
 And when they've attain'd it, despise each poor friend;
 Yet a Mason, tho' noble, his fame to insure,
 Counts each Mason his Brother, tho' ever so poor.
 And since we're bound, &c.

But not to our Brethren alone we confine
 That brotherly love, that affection divine;
 For our kind-hearted Sisters in that bear a share,
 And, as we admire, we're belov'd by the Fair.
 And since we're bound, by secrecy, to unity and love,
 Let us, like Brethren, faithful still to ev'ry Sister
 prove, &c.

With justice, with candour, our bosoms are warm'd,
 Our tongues are with truth and sincerity arm'd;
 We're loyal, we're trusty, we're faithful to those
 Who treat us as friends, and we smile at our foes.
 And since we're bound, &c.

We bend to the King, to our Master we bend;
 For these are the rulers we're bound to defend:
 And when such a King, such a Master, arise,
 As Britons, as Masons, we've cause to rejoice.
 And since we're bound, &c.



The Vicar of Bray.

IN good King Charles's golden days,
 When loyalty had no harm in't,
 A zealous high-church-man I was,
 And so I got preferment:
 To teach my flock I never mist,
 Kings are by God appointed;
 And those are damn'd that do resist,
 Or touch the Lord's anointed.
 And this is law, I will maintain
 Until my dying day, Sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When royal James obtain'd the throne,
 And Pop'ry came in fashion,

The penal laws I hooted down,
 And read the declaration.
 The Church of Rome I found would fit
 Full well my constitution,
 And had become a Jesuit,
 But for the Revolution.
 And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
 To ease the nation's grievance,
 With this new wind about I steer'd,
 And swore to him allegiance.
 Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance;
 Passive-obedience was a joke,
 And pish for non-resistance.
 And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne ascends the throne,
 The Church of England's glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory:
 Occasional conformists base,
 I d—n'd their moderation,
 And thought the Church in danger was,
 By such prevarication.
 And this is law, &c.

When George, in pudding-time, came o'er,
 And moderate men look'd big, Sir,
 I turned cat-in-pan once more,
 And then became a Whig, Sir;
 And so preferment I procur'd,
 From our new faith's defender;
 And almost every day abjur'd
 The Pope and the Pretender.
 And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious House of Hanover,
 And Protestant succession,
 To these I do allegiance swear,
 While they can keep possession:
 For, by my faith and loyalty,
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful king shall be,
 Until the times shall alter.
 And this is law, &c.

The Queen of the May.

Jenny. S Tern winter has left us, the trees are in bloom,
And cowslips and vi'lets the meadows perfume;
While kids are disporting, and birds fill the spray,
I wait but for Jocky to hail the new May.

Jocky. Among the young lilies, my Jenny, I've stray'd,
Pinks, daisies, and woodbines I bring to my maid;
Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and lavender gay,
A posy to form for my Queen of the May.

Jenny. Ah! Jocky, I fear you intend to beguile,
When seated with Molly last night on a stile,
You swore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
Forgetting poor Jenny, your Queen of the May.

Jocky. Young Willy is handsome, in shepherd's green dress,
He gave you these ribbons that hang at your breast,
Besides three sweet kisses upon the new hay;
Was that done like Jenny, the Queen of the May?

Jenny. This garland of roses no longer I prize,
Since Jocky, false hearted, his passion denies:
Ye flowers, so blooming, this instant decay,
For Jenny's no longer the Queen of the May.

Jocky. Believe, me, dear maiden, your lover you wrong,
Your name is for ever the theme of my song;
From the dews of pale eve' to the dawning of day,
I sing but of Jenny, my Queen of the May.

Jenny. Again, balmly comfort with transport I view,
My fears are all vanish'd, since Jocky is true;
Then to our blyth shepherds the news I'll convey,
That Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of the May.

Jocky. Come all young lovers, I pray you draw near,
Avoid all suspicion, what'e'er may appear;
Believe not your eyes, lest your peace they betray.
Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new May.
Come all young lovers, &c.

Highland Queen.

NO more my song shall be, ye swains,
 Of purling streams, or flow'ry plains;
 More pleasing beauties me inspire,
 And Phoebus tunes the warbling lyre:
 Divinely aided, thus I mean
 To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,
 With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
 From pride and affectation free,
 Alike she smiles on you and me.
 The brightest nymph that trips the green,
 I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No fordid wish, or trifling joy,
 Her settled calm of mind destroy;
 Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
 And adds a lustre to the whole;
 A matchless shape, a graceful mien,
 All center in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle Fate
 Has destin'd for so fair a mate;
 Has all these wond'rous gifts in store,
 And each returning day brings more:
 No youth so happy can be seen,
 Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.



Roslin Castle.

'TWAS in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin, with the morning ray,
 Arose, and sung his rural lay;
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
 While Roslin castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring,
 With rapture warms, awake and sing;

Awake, and join the vocal throng,
 And hail the morning with a song:
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
 O bid her haste and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on ev'ry spray
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song:
 Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,
 With rapture calls, O come away;
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine.
 O hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty, blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.



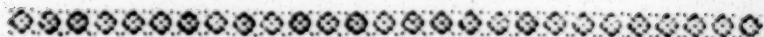
Same Tune.

FROM Roslin castle's echoing walls
 Resounds my shepherd's ardent calls,
 My Colin bids me come away,
 And love demands I should obey.
 His melting strain, and tuneful lay,
 So much the charms of love display,
 I yield—nor longer can refrain
 To own my love, and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal
 The painful pleasing flame I feel,
 My soul retorts the am'rous strain,
 And echoes back in love again.
 Where lurks my songster? from what grove
 Does Colin pour his notes of love?

O bring me to the happy bow'r,
Where mutual love may bliss secure.

Ye vocal hills that catch the song,
Repeating, as it flies along,
To Colin's ear my strain convey,
And say, I haste to come away.
Ye zephyrs soft that fan the gale,
Waft to my love the soothing tale;
In whispers all my soul express,
And tell, I haste his arms to bless.



SONG, for two Voices.

HOW hard is the fortune of all woman-kind!
For ever subjected; for ever confin'd.
Our parents controul us until we are wives,
And our husbands enslave us the rest of our lives.

If only we love, yet we dare not reveal,
But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal:
Deny'd ev'ry pleasure of life to enjoy,
We're sham'd if we're kind, and we're blam'd if we're coy.



S O N G.

THE man that is drunk is void of all care;
He needs neither Parthian quiver or spear:
The Moor's poison'd dart he scorns for to wield;
His bottle alone is his weapon and shield.

Undaunted he goes among bullies and whores,
Demolishes windows, and breaks open doors;
He revels all night, is afraid of no evil,
And boldly defies both proctor and devil.

As late I rode out with my skin full of wine,
Incumbered neither with care nor with coin,
I boldly confronted a horrible dun;
Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.

No monster could put you to half so much fear,
Should he in Apulia's forest appear:
In Africa's desert there never was seen
A monster so hated by gods and by men.

Come, place me, ye Deities, under the line
Where grows not a tree, nor a plant, but a vine;
O'er hot burning sands I'll swelter and sweat,
Barefooted, with nothing to keep off the heat.

Or, place me where sunshine is ne'er to be found,
Where the earth is with winter eternally bound,
Ev'n there I would nought but my bottle require:
My bottle should warm me, and fill me with fire.

My tutor may job me, and lay me down rules;
Who minds them but d—n'd philosophical fools?
For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis time enough then to sit down and think.

'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought Aristotle an ass for his pain:
His sorrow he us'd in full bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the world was his own.

This world is a tavern, with liquor well stor'd,
And into it I came to be drunk as a lord;
My life is the reck'ning, which freely I pay,
And when I'm dead-drunk, then I'll stagger away.



Bannocks of Barley-meal.

MY name is Argyll: you may think it strange
To live at the court, and never to change,
All falsehood and flattery I do disdain,
In my secret thoughts no deceit shall remain:
In siege or in battle I ne'er was disgrac'd;
I always my king and my country have sac'd;
I'll do any thing for my country's weal,
I'd live upo' bannocks o' barley-meal.

Adieu to the courtiers of London town,
For to my ain country I will gang down;

At the fight of Kirkcaldy ance again,
 I'll cock up my bonnet, and march amain.
 O the muckle de'il take a' your noise and strife,
 I'm fully resolved for a country life,
 Where a' the bra' lassies, wha kens me well,
 Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
 And I'll put my plaid and my bonnet on,
 Wi' my plaiding stockings, and leather-heel'd shoon;
 They'll mak me appear a fine sprightly loon.
 And when I am drest thus frae tap to tae,
 Hame to my Maggy I think for to gae,
 Wi' my claymore hinging down to my heel,
 To whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

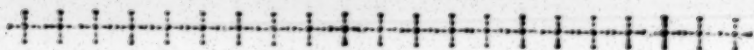
I'll buy a fine present to bring to my dear,
 A pair of fine garters for Maggy to wear,
 And some pretty things else, I do declare,
 When she gangs wi' me to Paisley fair.
 And whan we are married, we'll keep a cow,
 My Maggy shall milk her, and I will plow:
 We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang-kail,
 And whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

If my Maggy shou'd chance to bring me a son,
 He's fight for his king, as his daddy has done;
 I'll send him to Flanders some breeding to learn,
 Syne hame into Scotland, and keep a farm.
 And thus we'll live and industrious be,
 And wha'll be sae great as my Maggy and me:
 We'll soon grow as fat as a Norway seal,
 Wi' feeding on bannocks o' barley-meal.

Adieu to you citizens every ane,
 Wha jolt in your coaches to Drury-lane;
 You bites of Bear-garden, who fight for gains,
 And you fops wha have got more wigs than brains:
 You cullies and bullies, I'll bid you adieu,
 For whoring and swearing I'll leave it to you;
 Your woodcock and pheasant, your duck and your teal,
 I'll leave them for bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll leave off kissing a citizen's wife,
 I'm fully resolv'd for a country life;

Kissing and toying, I'll spend the lang day,
 Wi' bonny young lasses on cocks of hay;
 Where each clever lad gives his bonny lass
 A kiss and a tumble upo' the green grass:
 I'll awa' to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
 And whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.



Alloa-House.

THE spring-time returns and clothes the green plains,
 And Alloa shines more chearful and gay;
 The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring swains
 Sing merrily round me where-ever I stray:
 But Sandy no more returns to my view;
 No spring time me cheers, no music can charm;
 He's gone! and, I fear me, for ever: adieu!
 Adieu ev'ry pleasure this bosom can warm!

O Alloa-house! how much art thou chang'd!
 How silent, how dull to me is each grove!
 Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
 Alas! where to please me my Sandy once strove!
 Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you told,
 Here list'ned too fond whenever you sung:
 Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd cold?
 Or foolish, believ'd a false flattering tongue?

So spoke the fair maid, when Sorrow's keen pain,
 And Shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress;
 For Fate, at that moment, brought back her dear swain,
 Who heard, and, with rapture, his Nelly address:
 My Nelly! my Fair, I come; O my love!
 No pow'r shall thee tear again from my arms,
 And, Nelly! no more thy fond shepherd reprove,
 Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

She heard; and new joy shot through her soft frame,
 And will you, my love! be true? she reply'd:
 And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same?
 Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?
 O Nelly! I live to find thee still kind;
 Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true:
 Then, adieu to all sorrow; what foul is to blind,
 As not to live happy for ever with you?

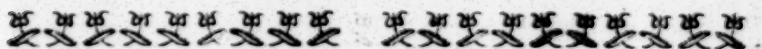
Same Tune.

OH! how could I venture to love one like thee,
 And you not despise a poor conquest like me?
 On lords, thy admirers, could look with disdain,
 And knew I was nothing, yet pity'd my pain?
 You said, while they teiz'd you with nonsense and dress,
 When real the passion, the vanity's less;
 You saw through that silence which others despise,
 And, while beaux were a-talking, read love in my eyes.

O! how shall I fold thee, and kiss all thy charms,
 'Till fainting with pleasure, I die in your arms;
 'Thro' all the wild transports of ecstasy tost,
 'Till sinking together, together we're lost!
 Oh! where is the maid that, like thee, ne'er can cloy,
 Whose wit does enliven each dull pause of joy;
 And when the short raptures are all at an end,
 From beautiful mistress turns sensible friend.

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,
 Too nice for expression, which only we feel.
 In all that you do, in each look, and each mien,
 The Graces in waiting adorn you unseen.
 When I see you, I love you; when hearing, adore;
 I wonder, and think you a woman no more;
 Till, mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
 And kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can I despair?
 I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look away care;
 I'll ask thy advice when with troubles oppress'd,
 Which never displeases, but always is best.
 In all that I write I'll thy judgment require;
 Thy wit shall correct what thy love did inspire.
 I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till youth is all o'er,
 And then live in friendship, when passion's no more.



Make Hay while the Sun shines.

TIS a maxim I hold, while I live to pursue,
 Not a thing to defer which to-day I can do:
 This piece of good counsel attend to, I pray,
 For while the sun shines is the time to make hay,

Attend the dear nymph to an arbour or grove,
To her ear gently pour the sweet poison of love:
With kisses and presses your rapture convey,
For while the sun shines is the time to make hay.

If Chloë is kind, and gives ear to your plaint,
Declare your whole sentiments, free from restraint;
Enforce your petition, and make no delay.
For while the sun shines is the time to make hay.

But, should you the present occasion let pass,
The world may, with justice, proclaim you an ass:
Then briskly attack her—if longer you stay,
The sun may not shine, and you cannot make hay.



King John and the Bishop of Canterbury.

I'LL tell you a jest that will make you merry,
Concerning the Bishop of Canterbury,
Who for his good house-keeping, and his good chear,
Was forced before King John to appear.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

What now, Mr Bishop! 'tis told to me,
That you keep a far better house than we;
And if you be a man, a man of renown,
You've committed treason against my crown.

If I've committed treason, pray let it be known;
I'm sure I've spent no body's gear but my own.
I hope, my Liege, I won't pay too dear
For spending of my well won gear.

Mr Bishop, for thy jesting with me here,
Three questions I at thee will spier;
And if you do not answer them aright,
Your head from your body shall be taken straight.

Then, first, you must tell me, When on my steed,
With a crown of gold upon my head,
With all my nobility, joy, and great mirth,
You must tell me, to one penny, what I am worth.

The next, you must tell me, without any doubt,
How long I'll be riding the world about:
And my third question slight you must not,
You must tell me, O Bishop, what is my thought.

They are three hard questions for my silly wit,
And the answer of them I cannot well get;
But if that you grant me three days space,
I will resolve them unto your Grace.

Three days is the longest that thou dost crave,
Three days is the longest that thou hast to live.
The Bishop took horse, and went away home,
And he met a shepherd who was all alone.

What now, Mr Bishop, you're welcome home!
What news have you brought from good king John?
Bad news, said the Bishop: I'll never prevail,
For to take learning at a sheep's tail.

What, Mr Bishop! have ye not heard yet,
That a fool may teach a wise man wit?
Then said the Bishop, Since thou's answer'd me so,
The whole story to thee I will show.

Now, first, I must tell him, upon his steed,
And a crown of gold upon his head,
With all his nobility, joy, and great mirth,
I must tell him, to one penny, what he is worth.

Next, I must tell him, without any doubt,
How long he'll be riding the world about:
And this third question slight I must not,
I must tell him, oh Shepherd! what is his thought.

O wilt thou grant me thy horse and apparel,
And I'll go to London and answer the quarrel.
My horse and furniture thou shalt have.
If that, Mr Shepherd, my life thou wilt save.

The shepherd got on the bishop's gown,
And he's away to fair London town,
And when he came into that place,
He lighted down beside his Grace.

What now, Mr Bishop, are you come to see,
Whether you are to live or to die?

For if that you do not answer them aright,
Your head from your body shall be taken itraight.

Now, first, you must tell me, &c. *as before, stanzas 5, 6.*

Our Saviour for thirty-pence was sold,
Among the Jews both barren and bold,
And nine-and-twenty's the whole price of thee;
I'm sure thou'rt one penny worse than he.

Rise up with the sun, go about with the same,
And twenty-four hours will bring thee again;
And then I will tell thee, without any doubt,
That thou hast ridden the world about.

Now, the third question, to make thee merry,
Thou thinks I'm the Bishop of Canterbury;
I am but his shepherd, the bishop's at home,
O pardon, O pardon, O good King John!

The king he turn'd him about with a smile,
Saying, Thou must be bishop the other while.
Oh no! said the shepherd, it must not be soe,
For I cannot yet read, nor say, A, B, C.

Then, for thy jesting with me here,
Three-hundred pounds I'll give thee by year:
You may tell the bishop, when that you go home,
Thou hast purchas'd his pardon from good king John.

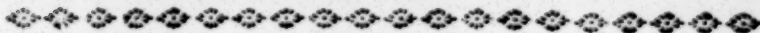
Merry may the Maid be.

MERRY may the maid be
That marries the miller,
For foul day, and fair day,
He's ay bringing till her;
Has ay a penny in his purse
For dinner and for supper;
And, gin she please, a good fat cheese,
And lumps of yellow butter.
When Jamie first did woo me,
I spier'd what was his calling;
Fair maid, says he. O come and see,
You're welcome to my dwelling:

Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
 The truth of what he told me,
 And that his house was warm and couth,
 And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
 And in the kist was plenty
 Of good hard cakes, his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were na scanty;
 A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
 Was standing in the byre;
 Whilst lazy pufs, with mealy mause,
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me tak the miller;
 For foul day, and fair day,
 He's ay bringing till her;
 For meal and malt she does na want,
 Nor ony thing that's dainty;
 And now and then a keckling hen,
 To lay her eggs in plenty.



Maggy Lauder.

WHA wadna be in love
 Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And spier'd what was't they ca'd her;
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 Begone, you hallanshaker;
 Jog on your gate, you bladderfkate,
 My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggy, quoth he, and by my bags,
 I'm fiding fain to see you;
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee:
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter;
 The lasses loup as they were dast,
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae you your bags,
 Or is your drone in order?

If you be Rob, I've heard of you,
 Live you upo' the border?
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew with speed,
 About the drone he twifted,
 Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly cou'd she frisk it.
 Weel done, quoth he: Play up, quoth she:
 Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter;
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 There's nane in Scotland plays fae weel,
 Since we lost Habby Simpson.
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin you should come to Enster fair,
 Spier ye for Maggy Lauder.



Crooked Shoulder.

O DANIEL SWINE has gotten a wife,
 I really think she has nae marrow,
 She's like for to tak out my life,
 Her colour's always black and yellow:
 She's in-kneed, beam-shin'd,
 Nae good property's about her;
 She's ring'e ey'd, and din skin'd,
 A hump of proof upon her shoulder.

The verity I will declare,
 My wife she is a gallant shanker;
 She was nine quarters at the lair,
 For that I need much to thank her.
 But alas, that e'er she was my bride!
 She's nothing but a flyting trucker,
 With fore back, and fore side,
 A vehement crook into her shoulder

There was a marriage in the land,
And I went out to see the wedding,
My wish'd for love came to my hand,
And then began my woful sobbing.
When she saw me thus appear,
She could not do but laugh the louder,
Whisp'ring softly in mine ear,
How do you and crooked shoulder.

My fortune has been very bad,
Altho' that I do fairly carry:
'Tis known I was a jolly lad,
And wou'd have got enou' to marry,
I'm now confin'd, and poorly pin'd,
'Tis often in my mind to thud her;
But, wo to that unhappy time
That e'er I join'd her crooked shoulder.

My wicked friends did work the change,
Full fore against my own affection;
Constrained me to wed for means:
I never chus'd her by election.
I've got a wife, I'm cross'd with strife,
And finds no way for to exclude her;
I wish that I had lost my life,
First when I saw her crooked shoulder.

My confidence is ve y grave,
I'm blocked up with great vexation;
But, all the comfort that I have,
I hope we shall have no succession.
To keep up the race I don't incline,
Her daughter she shall not succeed her,
For fear she be a scolding queen,
And take a strain of crooked shoulder.

Ne'er seek a woman for her purse,
For world's gear be never tempted,
For after it may come a curse;
Mak your endeavours to prevent it.
If she were dead, without remead,
I would make haste and quickly mud her;
Then wou'd I court a maid with speed,
If I were quit of crooked shoulder.

Get up and bar the Door.

IT fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was then,
 When our goodwife got puddings to make,
 And she's boil'd them in the pan.

The wind fae cauld blew south and north,
 And blew into the floor;
 Quoth our goodman, to our goodwife,
 "Gae out and bar the door."

"My hand is in my huffy'f skap,
 Goodman, as ye may see,
 An it shou'd nae be barr'd this hundred year,
 Its no be barr'd for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure;
 That the first word whae'er shou'd speak,
 Shou'd rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
 At twelve o'clock at night,
 And they could neither see house nor hall,
 Nor coal, nor candle light.

Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
 Or whether is't a poor?
 But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
 For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
 And then they ate the black;
 Tho' muckle thought the gudwife to herfel,
 Yet ne'er a word she spake.

* Then said the one unto the other,
 "Here, man, tak ye my knife,
 Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
 And I'll kifs the goodwife."

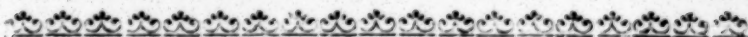
"But there's nae water in the house,
 And what shall we do than?"
 "What ails ye at the pudding bree,
 That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he ;

“ Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scad me wi’ pudding bree ? ”

Then up and started our goodwife,
Gied three skips on the floor :

“ Goodman, you’ve spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door.”



The Webster of Brechin’s Mare.

IN Brechin did a webster dwell,
Who was a man of fame ;
He was the deacon o’ his trade,
John Steinson was his name :
A mare he had, a lusty jade,
Baith sturdy, stark, and strang,
Baith lusty, and trusty,
And he had spar’d her lang.

The webster bade his mare go work,
Quoth she, I am not able,
For neither get I corn nor hay,
Nor stand I in a stable ;
But hunts me, and dunts me,
And dings me from the town,
And fells me, and tells me,
I am not worth my room.

The webster swore a bloody oath,
And out he drew a knife,
If one word come out of thy head,
I vow I’ll take thy life.
The mare ay, for fear ay.
Fell fainting to the ground,
And groaning, and moaning,
Fell in a deadly swoon.

They clipped her, and nipped her,
They took from her the skin ;
The haunshes, and the panches,
They quickly brought them in :

Make haste, dame, said he,
And wash this grease, and dry't,
For I will hazard on my life,
The doctor's wife will buy't.

They rumbl'd her, they tumbl'd her,
They shot her o'er the brae:
With rumbling, and tumbling,
She to the ground did gae.
But the night being cauld,
And the mare wanting her skin,
And darkness came out o'er the land,
And fain wou'd she been in.

She rapped, and she chapped,
With her twa forther hooves,
They heard, and feared,
And thought it had been thieves.
The webster's son was stout in heart,
He ran unto the door,
And thrust a spear into the mare,
Five quarters lang and more.

The door ay, with more ay,
They closed hastily,
All trembling and shaking,
And then for help did cry.
What ails thee, my son, says he,
O! tell me, if thou can?
Ah! and alas! father he says,
For I have kill'd a man.

If magistrates and senators
Get knowledge of this deed,
They'll hang us, and fine us,
Without any remead.
Then they ran unto the door,
To bury the man for fear:
But when they came unto the door,
They found it was the mare.

Go haste you, I request you,
And tell my father dear,
What will we, or shall we do,
With this wicked mare?
O hold thy tongue, my son, he says,
I think you are a fool,

Let Fortune drive me far away,
 Or make me fall to foes a prey,
 My flame for thee shall ne'er decay,
 And dying I would love thee.
 Wert thou but, &c.

Tho' I were number'd with the dead,
 My soul should hover round thy head :
 I may be turn'd a silent shade,
 But cannot cease to love thee.
 Wert thou but, &c.



The Lover.

HOW happy a lover's life passes,
 When beauty returns sigh for sigh !
 He looks upon all men as asses,
 Who have not some girl in their eye.

With heart full as light as a feather,
 He trips to the terraces or parks;
 Where swains croud impatient together,
 And maidens look out for their sparks.

What sweet palpitation arises,
 When Chloe appears full in view !
 Her smiles at more value he prizes
 Than misers the mines of Peru.

Tho' swift-winged Time, as they're walking,
 Soon parts them, alas ! by his flight ;
 By reflection he still hears her talking,
 And absent he keeps her in sight.

Whenever abroad he regales him,
 And Bacchus calls out for his lass,
 His love for his Chloe ne'er fails him,
 Her name gives a zest to his glass.

No other amusements he prizes,
 Than those that from Chloe arise ;
 She's first in his thoughts when he rises,
 And last, when he closes his eyes.

Then let not ambition distress us,
 Or fortune's fantastical chace;
 Love only with Chloe can bless us,
 And give all we want to embrace.

Charming Kitty Fell.

WHILE beaux to please the ladies write,
 And bards, to get their dinner by't,
 Their well feign'd passion tell;
 Let me, in humble verse, proclaim
 My love for her, that bears the name
 Of charming Kitty Fell.
 Charming Kitty,—lovely Kitty,—
 Charming Kitty—Kitty Fell.

That Kitty's beautiful and young,
 That she has danc'd, that she has sung,
 Alas! I know full well:
 I feel, and shall for ever feel,
 A dart more sharp than pointed steel,
 That came from Kitty Fell.

At length I hop'd, by Reason's aid,
 To cure the wound which love had made,
 And bid a long farewell:
 But, t'other day she cross'd the green;
 I saw—I wish I had not seen
 My charming Kitty Fell.

I ask'd her—where she pass'd that way?
 To church, she cry'd,—I cannot stay—
 Why, don't you hear the Bell?
 To church!—oh take me with thee there!
 I pray'd—she would not hear my pray'r!
 Oh! cruel Kitty Fell.

But now I find 'tis all in vain,
 To live, to love, and to complain,
 Confin'd in chains to dwell:
 Altho' she casts a scornful eye,
 Till death my faltering tongue shall cry,
 Adieu! sweet Kitty Fell.

I told her my love, and sat down by her side,
And swore the next morning I'd make her my bride;
In anger she said, Get out of my sight,
And go to your Phillis you met here last night.

Surpriz'd, I reply'd, Pray explain what you mean,
I never, I vow, with young Phillis was seen;
Nor can I conceive what my Phebe is at.
O! can't you? she cry'd: well, I love you for that.

Say, did you not meet her last night on this spot?
O Colin! O Colin! you can't have forgot;
I heard the whole story this morning from Mat;
You still may deny it, I love you for that.

'Tis false, I reply'd, dear Phebe believe,
For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive;
You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat,
And sure, my dear charmer must hate him for that.

Come, come then, she cry'd, if you mean to be kind,
I'll own 'twas to know the true state of your mind.
Transported, I kiss'd her, she gave me a pat;
I made her my wife, and she loves me for that.



The Country Wedding.

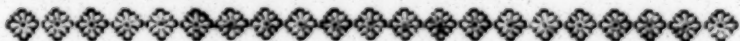
Come haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye neighbours,
The lovers their blifs can no longer delay:
Forget all your sorrows, your cares and your labours,
And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day.

Come, come, one and all,
Attend to my call,
And revel in pleasures that never can cloy;
Come see
Rural felicity,
Which Love and Innocence ever enjoy.
Come see, &c.

Let envy and pride, let hate and ambition,
Still crowd to, and bias the breasts of the great;
To such wretched passions we give no admission,
But leave them alone to the wise ones of state.

We boast of no wealth,
 But contentment and health,
 In mirth and in friendship our moments employ.
 Come see, &c.

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure,
 With reason we drink of the full-flowing bowl;
 Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
 For fatal excess but enslaves the free soul.
 Come, come at our bidding,
 To this happy wedding.
 No care shall obtrude here our bliss to annoy.
 Come see, &c.



PLATO's Advice.

SAYS PLATO, Why should man be vain!
 Since bounteous Heav'n hath made him great?
 Why look with insolent disdain
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
 Can costly robes, or beds of down,
 Or all the gems that deck the fair;
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or ease the brow of care?
 The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,
 The humble, and the haughty die;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction lie.
 Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles wore,
 Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
 And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train;
 When shot—'tis gone; its beauty dies,
 Dissolves to common air again.
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,—
 Let friendship reign, while here we stay:
 Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls;
 When Jove commands we must obey.

Hearts of Oak.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year;
 To honour we call you, don't press you like slaves,
 For who are so free as we sons of the waves?

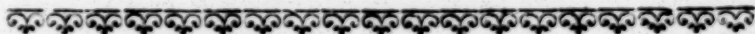
Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady:

We'll fight, and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er meet our foes but we wish them to stay;
 They never meet us, but they wish us away:
 If they run, then we follow, and run them a-shore,
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
 They frighten our women, our children, and beaux:
 But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them sweat,
 In spite of the devil, and Brussel's gazette:
 Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing
 Our foldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.



A favourite new Song.

YOUNG Strephon, I own, is the joy of my heart;
 I love the dear youth, he's so lively and smart:
 His converse is pleasing, he's manly and gay,
 And his breath is as sweet as the flowers in May.
 When he sings his love strains, all the swains in a throng,
 In raptures are seen with my shepherd's soft song,
 While the nymphs all around me with envy survey,
 Because Strephon hails me the Queen of the May.

But love without jealousy reigns on my part,
 For, as well as the May, I'm the queen of his heart;
 Such joy and delight does his constancy bring,
 Without envy I'd look on the state of a king.

T'other day for my head he a chaplet entwin'd,
Of roses and myrtles, and jonquils combin'd;
I gave him a kiss for the favour, 'tis true,
And how could I help it—I only ask you?

You'll say I was forward, and greatly to blame,
What girl for such favour would not do the same?
For 'twill not be long before Strephon and I,
Shall join hands and hearts in one sacred tie.
Then, sure, when the church has performed its rites,
And we firmly fixed in Hymen's delights,
For his faith and his troth, to bind all our blifs,
You'll surely allow—'tis my duty to kiss.

L E T H E.

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
Who rise without joy, and ly down without rest,
Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
And young one's the rover they cannot regain;
The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd.
Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife, at one draught, may forget all her wants,
Or drench her fond fool, to forget her gallants;
The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,
And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to day.
Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

The Tempest.

CEASE rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
Lift' ye landmen all to me;
Mefs-mates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea.

From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
When the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By top-sail sheets and hallyards stand ;
Down top-gallants, quick, be hawling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The lee top sail sheets let go ;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
Up your top sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd 'twixt beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyment, wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms.
Around us roars the tempest louder ;
Think what fears our minds enthrall :
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain's call.

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course ;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Tho' the weather shou'd be worse.
Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get,
Reef the mizzen, see all clear ;
Hands up, each preventure brace set,
Man the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring !
Peals on peals contending clash !
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above but one black sky !
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us.
Hark ! what means yon dreadful cry ?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck !
A lake beneath the cheffree's sprung out !
Call all hands to clear the wreck.

Quick the laniards cut to pieces,
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well, the leak increas'es,
Four feet water's in the hold!

While o'er the ship the wild waves beating,
We for wives and children mourn:
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return!
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain pumps are choak'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
Only He can save us now.

On the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'er board be thrown;
To the pumps come ev'ry hand, boys,
See! her mizzen mast is gone.
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a-foot or more;
Then up and rig a jury fore-mast,
She's tight, she's tight, boys, wear off shore.

Now, once more, on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Fortune fav'd our lives;
Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking
To our sweet-hearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it;
Close to lips the brimmer join.
Where's the tempest now? who feels it?
None;—our danger's drown'd in wine.



S O N G.

GIN e'er I'm in love, it shall be with a lass
As sweet as the morn-dew that ligs on the grafs:
Her cheeks maun be ruddy, her een maun be bright,
Like stars in the sky on a cauld frosty night.
Oh! cou'd I but ken sic a lassie as this,
Oh! cou'd I but ken sic a lassie as this,
I'd freely gang to her,
Carefs her, and woo her,
At once take up heart, and solicit a kifs.

My daddy wad ha'e me to marry wi' Bell,
 But, wha wad ha'e ane that he canna like well?
 What, tho' she has meikle, she's bleary and auld,
 Camstarie, and faucy, and a terrible scauld.

Oh! gin I get sic a vixen as this,
 Oh! gin I get sic a vixen as this,
 I'd whap her, and strap her,
 And bang her, and flap her,
 The devil for me shou'd solicit a kifs.

There's Maggy wad fain lug me into the chain,
 She spiers frisky at me, but blinks it in vain:
 she trows that I'll ha'e her—but, faith, I think no,
 For Willy did for her a long while ago.

Oh! gin I get sic a wanton as this,
 Oh! gin I get sic a wanton as this,
 She'd horn me, and scorn me,
 And hugely adorn me,
 And, e'er she kifs'd me, gi' another a kifs.

But find me a lassie, that's youthfu' and gay,
 As blithe as a starling, as pleasant as May;
 Wha's free from a' wrangling, and jangling, and strife,
 And I'll tak her, and mak' her my ain thing for life.

Oh! gin I get sic a lassie as this,
 Oh! gin I get sic a lassie as this,
 I'll kifs her and pres her,
 Preserve and carefs her,
 And think myself greater than Jove is in blifs.

Pitcathly Well.

ONE morning as I walk'd,
 In gay time of the year,
 When sporting nymphs do frisk about,
 To drink the water clear.
 Amongst the rest, I spy'd a nymph,
 Whose beauty did excel,
 The crowd of nymphs that now resort
 The fam'd Pitcathly well.

With dying looks I view'd her,
 And could not shun, but say,
 Pray, make me your physician.
 She, blushing, said me, Nay.
 I ask'd at her to take a walk,
 She fear'd we would be seen.
 We'll take a walk in woods or groves,
 Or in Pitcathly green.

In striving much, at last
 Kind Nature took my part:
 We walk'd by Neptune's pleasant streams
 Till I won Jeany's heart.
 Were I sole monarch of the globe,
 I'd give it all to thee;
 For, of all the maids about the well,
 My Jeany bears the gree.

When I come home at noon,
 Refresh'd with country air,
 Each courts his mistress up and down,
 And I my Jeany fair.
 We danc'd right kind upon the green,
 And all sing merrily,
 Pitcathly well invites you all,
 Come here, good company.

When I go home at night,
 With love and care oppress'd,
 My Jeany's image still presents,
 And robs me of my rest.
 I dream of her, my soul's delight,
 Whose air, and graceful mien,
 Makes her envy'd by all the nymphs
 In our Pitcathly green.

O were I but so blest,
 As freely call thee mine,
 I'd treat thee, in my father's house,
 With country cheer that's fine.
 And, if there be no down-beds,
 I'll chuse a place unseen,
 Where the young swains do often shape
 Their nymphs a gown of green.

SONG, by a Lady.

AS now my bloom comes on apace,
 The swains begin to teaze me;
 But two, who claim the foremost place,
 Try different ways to please me.
 To judge aright, and chuse the best,
 Is not so soon decided;
 When both their merits are exprest,
 I may be less divided.

Palemon's flocks unnumber'd stray,
 He's rich beyond all measure;
 Wou'd I but smile, be kind and gay,
 He'd give me all his treasure:
 But then, our years so disagree—
 So much, as I remember,
 It is but May, I'm sure, with me,
 With him it is December.

Can I, who scarcely am in bloom,
 Let frost and snow be suing?
 'Twould spoil each rip'ning joy to come,
 Bring every charm to ruin.
 For dress and show, to touch my pride,
 My little heart is panting;
 But then—there's something else beside,
 I soon should find was wanting.

Then Colin thou my heart shalt gain,
 For thou wilt ne'er deceive me;
 And grey-hair'd wealth shall plead in vain,
 For thou has most to give me.
 My fancy paints thee full of charms,
 Thou looks so young and tender,
 Love beats his new and fond alarms,
 To thee I now surrender.



The Way to keep Him.

YE fair, who shine thro' Britain's isle,
 And triumph o'er the heart,
 For once, attentive be a while
 To what I shall impart.

Would you obtain the youth you love,
The precepts of a friend approve,
And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as Nature has decreed
The bloom of eighteen years,
And Isabel from school is freed,
Then beauty's force appears ;
The youthful blood begins to flow,
She hopes for man, and longs to know
The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt
Within the lover's breast,
And you, by strange persuasion melt,
Each wishing to be blest,
Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,
With prudence lure the happy boy,
And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park, or play,
Assume a modest pride ;
And, lest your tongue your mind betray,
In fewer words confide :
The maid, who thinks to gain a mate
By giddy chat, will find, too late,
That's not the way to keep him.

In dressing never the hours kill,
That bane to all the sex ;
Nor let the arts of dear Spadille
Your innocence perplex.
Be always decent as a bride,
By virtuous rules your reason guide,
For that's the way to keep him.

And when the nuptial knot is fast,
And both its blessings share,
To make those joys for ever last,
Of jealousy beware.
His love with kind compliance meet,
Let constancy the work complete,
And you'll be sure to keep him.

The Choice. *By a Lady.*

A Man that's neither high nor low,
 In party or in stature;
 A rake, a rattle, or a beau,
 And unused to flatter.

Let him not be a learned fool,
 Who nods o'er musty books;
 Who eats, and drinks, and lives by rule,
 And weighs our words and looks.

Let him be easy, free, and gay,
 Of dancing never tir'd;
 Have something always smart to say,
 Yet silent when requir'd.

Let him be rich, not covetous,
 Nor gen'rous to excess,
 Willing that I should keep the purse,
 And please myself in dress.

A little courage let him have,
 From insults to protect me,
 Provided he is not so brave
 As e'er to contradict me.

Ten thousand pounds a-year I like,
 But if so much can't be,
 You seven from the ten may strike,
 I'll be content with three.

His face, no matter, if 'tis plain,
 But let it not be fair:
 The man is sure my heart to gain,
 Who can with this compare.
 And, if some Lord shou'd chance t' agree
 With this above description,
 Tho' I'm not fond of quality,
 It shall be no objection.

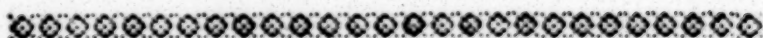


Favourite SONG, by Miss H.

MAidens, let your lovers languish,
 If you'd have them constant prove;
 Doubts, and fears, and sighs, and anguish,
 Are the chains that fasten love.

Jocky woo'd, and I consented,
 Soon as e'er I heard his tale;
 He, with conquest quite contented,
 Boasting, rov'd around the vale.
 Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

Now he doats on scornful Molly,
 Who rejects him with disdain;
 Love's a strange bewitching folly,
 Never pleas'd without some pain.
 Maidens, let your lovers, &c.



Charming Nancy. *By a Scotsman in London.*

'TWAS underneath a May-blown blush,
 Where v'lets blow and sweet primroses,
 With voice, melodious as a thrush,
 Young Johnny sung, collecting posies.
 This to the breast must be convey'd
 Of her who is my dearest fancy,
 My tender, blushing, blooming maid,
 My smiling, mild, good-natur'd Nancy.

I know that some my youth will jeer,
 And call me willefs, oaf, or Sawny;
 But I, from constant heart, declare,
 I none will wed except my Nanny.
 I neither envy pomp nor drefs,
 Nor conquest gain o'er hearts so many;
 The study of my life to blefs,
 Is to please my dear, my grateful Nanny.

How much unlike's my fair to those,
 Whose wanton charms are free to any;
 I'd give the world cou'd I disclose
 The fifteenth part the worth of Nanny.
 Let bucks and bloods, in burnt champaign,
 Carouse with Charlotte, Poll, and Fanny,
 Their arts and smiles are all in vain,
 For I'll have none except my Nanny.

The Gipsy.

AS thro' the green meadow I chanced to pass,
 A gipsy sat under a shade,
 Who told me, She saw by the lines of my face,
 That my doom was to die an old maid.

Her prophecy fill'd me with grief and dismay,
 And pierc'd my poor heart to the quick,
 Because I'd oft heard my grandmother say,
 That gipsies do deal with Old Nick.

For farther advice to the Curate I went,
 And told him my case, in a fright;
 Says he, Pretty maid, be content for a while,
 And I'll alter the case before night.

O then he began with such force and such fire,
 And with arguments so very strong,
 That, believe me, ye maids, the devil is a liar;
 And so, there's an end of my song.



The Maid of the Mill.

AT TEND all ye shepherds and nymphs to my lay,
 And learn from my tale to go wiser away.
 A damsel once dwelt at the foot of a hill,
 Well known by the name of, the maid of the mill.

The Lord of the village beheld the sweet maid;
 Each art to subdue her was presently laid:
 With gold he endeavour'd to tempt her to ill,
 But nought could prevail with the maid of the mill.

Young Johnny address'd her with hope, and with fear;
 His heart was right honest, his love was sincere:
 With rapture, each moment, his bosom would thrill,
 Whene'er he beheld the dear maid of the mill.

His passion was founded in honour and truth;
 The nymph read his heart, and of course lov'd the youth.
 At church little Jenny soon answer'd—I will
 His Lordship was baulk'd of the maid of the mill.

What happiness waits on the chaste nuptial pair!
 Content!—They are strangers to sorrow and care:
 The flame they first rais'd in each other burns still,
 And Johnny is blest with the maid of the mill.

The Jolly Miller.

THERE was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd and sung from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he:
And this the burden of his song
And ever us'd to be,
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me.

A noble lord, that liv'd hard by,
Sent for this miller one day,
And ask'd him various questions,
And amongst the rest did say,
How comes it miller, that ev'ry day
You sing with merry glee?
Quoth Ralph, I care for nobody,
If nobody cares for me.

Are you always thus contented?
To him the lord did say,
Ay, that I am, more happy, quoth Ralph,
Than folks that live more gay:
No worldly cares disturb my breast,
My wife and I agree;
I care for nobody, &c.

The reason of your happiness
I would be glad to know.
Quoth Ralph, I'll tell your Lordship
Part of it before you go;
I pay my rent at quarter-day,
My mind is ever free;
I care for nobody, &c.

Thrice happy thou, who thus content
Can ever merry be;
My whole estate I'd freely give,
To b' as content as thee.
Ralph, smiling, shook his head, and said,
My Lord, that cannot be,
Your Lordship cares for somebody,
And somebody cares for thee.

How can you say so, good miller?

I pray thee tell to me,

And if you rightly me instruct,

Ten thousand shall be your fee :

This sum I'll give, as sure's I live,

Immediately unto thee,

When I can say, oh ! happy day !

I care for no body.

Quoth Ralph, Your Lordship must refrain

Where flattering knaves resort.

(God bless our gracious King and Queen)

I mean that place, the court.

Leave pomp and pageantry aside,

Be from ambition free :

And then your Lordship soon may sing,

I care for no body.



Apron, Deary.

'TWAS early in a morning, a morning of May,

A soldier and a lassie was walking astray,
Close down in yon meadow, yon meadow brow,

I heard the lass cry, My apron now.

My apron, deary, my apron now,

My belly bears up my apron now :

But I, being a young thing, was easy to woo,

Which makes me cry out, My apron now.

O had I ta'en counsel of father or mother,

Or had I advised with sister or brother,

But I, being a young thing, and easy to woo,

It makes me cry out, My apron now.

My apron, deary, &c.

Your apron, deary, I must confess,

Seems something the shorter, tho' naithing the less :

Then had your tongue, deary, and I will prove true,

And nae mair cry out, Your apron now.

Your apron, deary, &c.—Your belly, &c.

Then had your tongue, &c.

Same Tune.

MY sheep I neglected, I lost my sheephook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
 No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove,
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

O what had my youth with ambition to do?
 Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
 O give me my sheep, and my sheephook restore,
 I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love:
 O fool! to imagine that ought can subdue
 A love so well founded, a passion so true.

O what had my youth, &c.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine,
 Poor shepherd! Amynta no more can be thine:
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
 The moments neglected return not again.

O what had my youth, &c.

Braes of Ballenden.

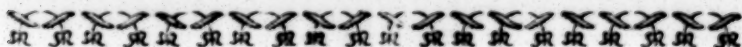
Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain
 One ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain;
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbl'd his woe,
 The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow;
 Rude winds with compassion, could hear him complain,
 Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view;
 Those eyes then, with pleasure, the dawn could survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they:
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air:

But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
'Tis to lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.



The Milk-Maid.

C O M I N G home with my milk the young 'squire I met,
Says, Polly, Love, set down your pails,
I have long been a kifs or two, child, in your debt,
If I pay you, you must not tell tales.

To oblige him, and 'cause that I would not be cross,
I presently quitted my pails;
He pull'd me down gently on a bed of green moss,
And kifs'd me—I should not tell tales.

I strove to get up, but he still kept me down;
I begg'd to go home with my pails:
He vow'd, to such a pitch his fond passion was grown
He'd wed—but I must not tell tales.

So gently he woo'd, and so warmly he prest,
That I little more thought of my pails,
Till beyond all escaping, I found him possess'd
Of my heart—but I must not tell tales.

He solemnly swore that he'd make me his wife,
And ease me of carrying pails;
If he don't, why, as sure as a muscle has life,
If I'm silent, there is one will tell tales.



Friendship and Wine. *By Mr Gilson.*

L E T the grave, and the gay, enjoy life how they may,
My pleasures their pleasures surpass;
Go the world well or ill, 'tis the same with me still,
If I have but my friend and my glass.

The lover may sigh, the courtier may lye,
 And Croesus his treasure amass;
 All the joys are but vain, that are blended with pain;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

New life wine inspires, and creates new desires,
 And oft wins the lover his lass,
 Or his courage prepares to disdain the nymph's airs;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

The earth sucks the rain, the sun draws the main,
 With the earth we are all in a class;
 Then enliven the clay, let us live while we may,
 And I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

'Tis friendship and wine only life can refine:
 We care not whate'er comes to pass
 With courtiers or great men, there's none of us statesmen:
 Come—Here's to our friend and our glass.



Through the Wood, Lassie.

O Nelly! no longer thy Sandy now mourn,
 Let music and pleasure abound without measure,
 Let music and pleasure, &c.
 O'er hillocks, or mountains, or low in the burn,
 Or, throw the wood, lassie, until thou return.
 Throw the wood, lassie, throw the wood, lassie,
 Through the wood, through the wood,
 Through the wood, lassie;
 O'er hillocks, o'er mountains, &c.

Since I have been absent from thee, my dear Nell,
 No content, no delight, have I known day or night;
 The murmuring stream, and the hill's echo, tell
 How throw the wood, lassie, I breath'd my sad knell.
 Throw the wood, &c.

And now to all sorrow I'll bid full adieu,
 And, with joy, like a dove, I'll return to my love:
 The maxim of loving in truth let us know,
 Then throw the wood, lassie, we'll bonnily go.
 Throw the wood, &c.

Come lads, and come lasses, be blithsome and gay,
 Let your hearts merry be, and both full of glee:
 The Highlands shall reign with the joy of the day,
 When throw the wood, happy, we'll dance, sing, and play.
 Throw the wood, &c.

The old Woman clothed in Grey.

AN old woman, clothed in grey,
 Had a daughter both charming and young,
 But she was deluded astray,
 By Roger's false flattering tongue,
 With whom she often had been
 Abroad, in the meadows and fields;
 Her belly grew up to her chin,
 Her spirits sunk down to her heels.

At length she began for to puke:
 Her mother, possess'd with a fear,
 She gave her a gentle rebuke,
 And cry'd, Daughter, a word in your ear;
 I doubt you've been playing the fool,
 Which many call, Hey ding a ding;
 Why did you not follow my rule,
 And tie your two toes in a string?

O mother! your counsel I took,
 But yet I was never the near;
 He won my heart with a soft look,
 And his words so enchanted my ear,
 That your precepts I soon did forget;
 He on me, and would have his scope:
 It is but a folly to fret,
 'Tis done, and it cannot be help'd.

Then, who is the father of it?
 Come tell me, without more delay;
 For now I am just in the fit,
 To go and hear what he will say.
 It is Roger, the damsel reply'd:
 He call'd me his dear pretty bird,
 And said that I should be his bride;
 But he was not so good as his word.

What ! Roger, that lives at the mill ?

Yes, verily, mother, the same.

What ! Roger, that lives at the mill ?

I'll hop to him, though I be lame.

Go fetch me my crutches with speed,

And bring me my spectacles too ;

A lecture to him I will read,

Shall ring his ears quite through and through.

With that she went hopping away,

And went to young Hodge of the mill,

On whom she her crutches did lay,

And cry'd, You have ruin'd my girl,

By getting her dear maidenhead ;

'Tis true, you can no way deny ;

Therefore I advise you to wed,

And make her as honest as I.

Then, what will you give me, quoth Hodge,

If I take her from off your hand ?

Will you make me the heir of your lodge,

Your houses, your money, and land ;

With every barn and plough,

With all your cattle and ewes ?

If said, I will make her my spouse ;

Speak up, Are you willing or no ?

Then Goody took Hodge by the hand,

Let it be for to have and to hold ;

I will make you the heir of my lodge,

My houses, my silver, and gold.

Make her but your honoured wife,

And you shall be lord of my store,

Whene'er I surrender my life,

In case it was forty times more.

The bargain was presently struck,

They wedded ;—and this being done,

The old woman wish'd them good luck,

Being proud of a daughter and son.

Then, hey for a girl or boy ;

Young Peg look'd as big as a duchess :

The old woman caper'd for joy,

And danc'd them a jig in her crutches.

The swimming Lady.

THE four-and-twentieth day of May,

Of all days in the year,
A virgin lady, fresh and gay,
Did privately appear;
'Twas at a secret place, which she
Had singled out, the rather,
'Cause she was sure she was secure,
And did intend to bathe her.

A purple mantle, fring'd with gold,
Did her iv'ry hands unpin:
It would have made a coward bold,
Or tempt'd a saint to sin.
She turn'd around, and look'd about,
Quoth she, I hope I'm safe;
And then her rosy petticoat
She presently put off.

Into the fluent stream she leap'd,
Which look'd like chrystal glass:
The fishes from all quarters came,
To see what angel 'twas.
She turn'd upon her back to swim,
And so display'd her banner,
That 'twould have tempted any man
For to have leap'd upon her.

'Twas at the river's diamond head,
With pearl and sapphire crown'd;
Her legs did shove, her hands did move,
Her body did rebound.
(She that could quaff the juice of joy,
Fair Venus, queen of love,
With Mars did never in more ways,
Or pleasant motions, move.)

A lad, that had her lover been,
And could obtain no grace,
For all her prying, lay unseen,
Hid in a secret place.
He, that had often been repuls'd
Whene'er he came to woo her,
Pull'd off his cloaths, and furiously
He ran, and leap'd unto her.

She squeek'd and cry'd, and down she div'd,
 He fetch'd her up again,
 And brought her o'er unto the shore;
 And then, and then, and then——
 As Adam did old Eve enjoy——
 You may guess what I mean:
 Because she all uncover'd lay,
 He cover'd her again.

With weeping eyes, the sighs and cries,
 Alas! I am undone,
 If you do fail to marry me,
 Ere the next morning sun.
 He answer'd her, I'll never stir
 Out of thy sight till then;
 We'll both strike hands in wedlock-bands,
 Marry—and till't again.



Lament for General Wolfe.

BRITONS, loyal and bold,
 Who would never be controll'd
 By the French. See the bravest of his sex,
 British Wolfe, stout and good,
 Make the rivers run with blood,
 At the glorious conquest of Quebec.

Brave Wolf was our commander,
 Montcalm was their defender,
 Their numbers did us sorely dismay:
 But brave Wolfe, stout and bold,
 He would never be controll'd,
 And his last dying words was,—Huzza!

Contented I die,
 Since we've gain'd the victory,
 As you tell me the battle is our own:
 Let my soul depart in peace,
 And the wars for ever cease,
 Since my life for fair Britain is gone.

The Highlanders, in hot blood,
 And Sailors, stout and rude,
 Like madmen did clash them away:
 When the French began to run,
 We advanced on their ground;
 But our grief was for Wolfe—Oh that day!

Then the city it surrender'd,
 The gates straight we enter'd;
 Our ships in the harbour lay thick.
 We thanked the Most High
 For this signal victory,
 At the glorious conquest of Quebec.



Highland King.

YE Muses nine, O lend your aid,
 Inspire a tender bashful maid,
 That's lately yielded up her heart,
 A conquest to Love's pow'rful dart;
 And now would fain attempt to sing,
 The praises of my Highland King.

Jamie, the pride of all the green,
 Is just my age, e'en gay fifteen:
 When first I saw him, 'twas the day
 That ushers in the sprightly May;
 When first I felt Love's pow'rful sting,
 And sigh'd for my dear Highland King.

With him for beauty, shape, and air,
 No other shepherd can compare;
 Good-nature, honesty, and truth,
 Adorn the dear, the matchless youth:
 And graces, more than I can sing,
 Bedeck my charming Highland King.

Would once the dearest boy but say,
 'Tis you I love; come, come away,
 Unto the kirk, my Love, let's hy;
 Ye Gods, in rapture I'd comply:
 And I should then have cause to sing
 The praises of my Highland King.

The Choice of a Wife.

IN city, town, and village, my fancy oft hath rov'd,
 A Phillis and a Chloe I ev'ry where have lov'd;
 But, tired with variety, to marriage I'm inclin'd,
 Would Fortune only grant me a partner to my mind.

Then I'd go no more a roving,

But, constant as the dove,

My time I'd pass, with such a lass,

In harmony and love.

Then I'd go no more a roving.

I care not for complexion, be she black, brown or fair,
 If she has but discretion, and meaning in her air;
 Her shape I would have graceful, to pride and folly blind,
 To mind the one thing needful, to cultivate her mind.

Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

An animated form, where sense and sweetness move,
 And innocence, refining the tenderness of love;
 From scolding, and from scandal, I'd have her tongue be free,
 And always neat and clean keep herself and family.

Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

I'd have a just decorum in all her actions shine,
 With a temper condescending to suit herself and mine;
 Of a cheerful disposition, with humour free and gay,
 And sometimes with a song for to pass an hour away.

Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

It shall not be my study to court a leaden purse,
 Altho', with that ingredient, she will not be the worse;
 Let modesty reserve be her property and choice,
 Not over fond to cloy, and yet not over nice.

Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

To heighten my affection, and double all my joy,
 A prospect I would have of a lovely girl or boy;
 And out of what I have, for 'tis what I would allow,
 I would charitable have her, and hospitable too.

Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

This granted, I would freely my liberty resign,
 She should give me her heart and hand, and I would give
 her mine:

A monarch on his throne then unenvy'd should be,
 For home would be a Paradise with such a girl as she

Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

The Choice of a Husband.

Same Tune.

SINCE honour has attended upon the marry'd state,
 And from the torch of Hymen our happiness we date;
 If e'er the Fates ordain it that I should be a wife,
 'The picture I will draw of the partner of my life.

Then I'd live no longer single,
 Could but my influence
 A conquest gain o'er such a swain,
 Endu'd with manly sense.

Then I'd live no longer single.

The fop, the beau, the fribble, could ne'er my fancy take,
 Nor yet did I admire the rattle-headed rake;
 But, to guard himself from insult, I'd have him bold and
 brave,

To wink at little foibles that I may chance to have.

Then I'd live no longer single, &c.

His person in proportion, more robust than fine,
 A sort of easy carelessness, deportment to incline:
 And affably, and candidly, share all my joys and cares,
 And give me my prerogative in family affairs.

Then I'd live no longer single, &c.

His conversation fraught with endearing sentiments,
 Free from the pedant stiffness, or rude impertinence;
 In all his lawful dealings let honour still preside,
 Frugal in economy, let prudence be his guide.

Then I'd live no longer single, &c.

His principles untainted, his morals just and sound,
 And one in whom the dictates of honesty is found;
 I value not the glaring of wealth and pageantry,
 But plac'd above necessity is just enough for me.

Then I'd live no longer single, &c.

Could you but recommend me to such a swain as this,
 I'd think myself arriv'd at the summit of all bliss;
 And for his health and welfare for ever I would pray,
 And think myself in duty bound to love and to obey.

Then I'd live no longer single, &c.

Highland Lad.

DOWN by yon shady grove, one day I chanc'd to rove,
 To pass the dull hours away :
 Beneath a myrtle shade I spy'd a lovely maid,
 On her spinnet she sweetly did play.
 To yield me more delight, this charming lady bright,
 In concert she sung very sad,
 Unhappy maid am I, that sure of love must die,
 For my bonny bonny Highland Lad.

I drew a little near, the better for to hear,
 And this charming creature sung on,
 My Love has cross'd the sea, alas ! he's gone from me,
 This charming comely young man ;
 His lovely air and mein, may well deserve a queen,
 Altho' that his fortune is bad ;
 But yet I hope to see my Love before I die,
 Oh ! my bonny bonny Highland Lad.

Ye Fates, that rule above, preserve the man I love,
 And keep him secure from all harms ;
 Guardian angels too attend, my Love for to defend,
 And return him safe to my arms.
 If in battle he is slain, all pleasure I'll disdain,
 I'll rove quite distracted and mad ;
 There's none to ease my care, the loss I cannot bear
 Of my bonny bonny Highland Lad.

First when my Love I'd seen, one day in Aberdeen,
 My senses were ravished quite ;
 He was proper, straight, and tall, the comliest of them all,
 He's my only joy and delight ;
 I near unto him drew. his bonnet it was blue,
 He was dress'd in his tartans and plaid ;
 A captive I became, and thinks it is no shame,
 For my bonny bonny Highland Lad.

Oh ! if I knew but where to find my dearest dear,
 I would range the wide world all o'er ;
 To sea I would repair, dressed in man's attire,
 To find out the youth I adore.
 Thro' lonely woods I'll stray, and flow'ry meadows gay,
 I will leave my mammy and dad,
 And never will return, but always sigh and mourn
 For my bonny bonny Highland Lad.

Auld Sir Simon the King.

SOME say kissing's a sin,
 But I say that winna stand ;
 It is a most innocent thing,
 And allow'd by the laws of the land.

If it were a transgression,
 The ministers it would reprove,
 But they, their elders and session,
 Can do it as well as the lave.

Its lang since it came in fashion,
 I'm sure it will never be done,
 As lang as there is in the nation
 A lad, lass, wife, or a lown.

What can I say more to commend it,
 Tho' I should speak all my life ?
 Yet this I will say in the end o't,
 Let ev'ry man kifs his ain wife.

Let him kifs her, clap her, and dawt her,
 And gi'e her benevolence due;
 And that will a thrifty wife make her,
 And sae I'll bid farewell to you.



Banks of Forth.

A WAKE, my Love with genial ray,
 The sun returning gilds the day ;
 Awake, the balmy zephyr blows,
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisie glows,
 The trees regain their verdant pride,
 The turtle woos his tender bride,
 To love each warbler tunes the song,
 And Forth, in dimples, glides along.

O more than blooming daisies fair !
 More fragrant than the vernal air !
 More gentle than the turtle dove,
 Or streams that murmur thro' the grove !

Bethink thee all is on the wing,
 These pleasures wait on waſting ſpring;
 Then come, the tranſient bliſs enjoy;
 Nor fear what fleets ſo faſt will cloy.



Same Tune.

YE ſylvan pow'rs that rule the plain,
 Where ſweetly-winding Forth glides,
 Conduct me to theſe banks again,
 Since there my charming Molly hides.
 Theſe banks that breathe their vernal ſweets,
 Where ev'ry ſmiling beauty meets;
 Where Molly's charms adorn the plain,
 And cheer the heart of ev'ry ſwain.

Thrice happy were the golden days,
 When I, amidſt the rural throng,
 On Forth's meadows breath'd my lays,
 And Molly's charms were all my ſong.
 While ſhe was preſent all were gay,
 No ſorrow did our mirth allay:
 We ſung of pleaſure, ſung of love,
 And muſic breath'd in ev'ry grove.

O then was I the happieſt ſwain!
 No adverſe fortune marr'd my joy;
 The ſhepherds ſigh'd for her in vain,
 On me ſhe ſmil'd, to them was coy.
 O'er Forth's mazy banks we ſtray'd:
 I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous maid;
 The beauteous maid my love return'd,
 And both with equal ardour burn'd.

Once on the graſſy bank reclin'd,
 Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
 It was my happy chance to find
 The charming Molly liſt'ning aſleep:
 My heart then leap'd with inward bliſs,
 I ſoftly ſtoop'd, and ſtole a kiſs;
 She wak'd, ſhe bluſh'd, and faintly blam'd,
 Why, Damon, are you not aſham'd?

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,
 Where birds their music chirp'd aloud,
 Alternately we sung our loves,
 And Fortha's fair meanders view'd.
 The meadows wore a gen'ral smile,
 Love was our banquet all the while;
 The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,
 To where the ocean met the sky.

Ye sylvan pow'rs, ye rural gods,
 To whom we swains our cares impart,
 Restore me to these blest abodes,
 And ease, oh ease! my love-sick heart;
 These happy days again restore,
 When Moll and I shall part no more;
 When she shall fill these longing arms,
 And crown my bliss with all her charms.



Bagrie o't.

WHEN I think on this world's pelf,
 And how little I hae o't to myself;
 I sigh when I look on my thread-bare coat,
 And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Johnny was the lad that held the plough,
 But now he has got goud and gear enough;
 I weel mind the day when he was na' worth a groat,
 And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Jenny was the lass that mucked the byre,
 But now she goes in her silken attire:
 And she was a lass who wore a plaiding coat,
 And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Yet a' this shall never danton me,
 Sae lang's I keep my fancy free;
 While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,
 May the d—l tak the gear and the bagrie o't.

Birks of Abergeldie.

I Thought it once a lonesome life,
 A lonesome life, a lonesome life,
I thought it once a lonesome life,
 To ly so lang my lane, jo.
 But who would not my case regret?
 Since I am curst with a mate,
 What once I long'd for, now I hate;
 I'm quite another man, jo.

When I was full out nineteen years,
 Out nineteen years, out nineteen years,
 When I was full out nineteen years,
 I held my head fu' high, jo;
 Then I resolv'd to take a lais,
 Ne'er thought on what would come to pass.
 Nor look'd in matrimony's glafs,
 Till headlong down came I, jo.

Before the fatal marriage day,
 So keen was I, so keen was I,
I rested neither night nor day,
 But wander'd up and down, jo.
 To please her I took meikle care,
 Ane would hae thought I fought nae mair
 In the wide warld to my share,
 But her wrapt in her gown, jo.

My own small stock did scarce defray,
 Did scarce defray, did scarce defray,
 My own small stock did scarce defray
 Half of the marriage charge, jo;
 For things belonging to a house,
 I gave till I ne'er left a souce;
 O but I'm turned wond'rous douse,
 And filler's nae fae large, jo.

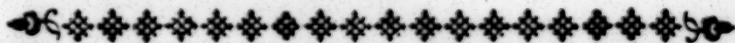
Her father, and her friends likewise,
 Her friends likewise, her friends likewise,
 Did hold her out for such a prize,
 I thought nae labour lost, jo.
 I dres'd myself from neck to heel,
 And all was for a gilded pill;
 Now I would wish the meikle de'il
 Had her, and pay the cost, jo.

Her father sent a ship to sea,
 A ship to sea, a ship to sea,
 When it returns, quoth he to me,
 I'll pay you ilka plack, jo.
 The servants grumble, goodwife raves,
 When hungry stomach sore them craves,
 Now I am told by the old knave,
 The ship will ne'er come back, jo.

Alack-a-day! what will I do?
 What will I do? what will I do?
 Alack-a-day! what will I do?
 The honey-month is done, jo.
 My glitt'ring gold is all turn'd dross,
 And filler scarcely will be brass.
 I've nothing but a bonny lass,
 And she's quite out of tune, jo.

Yet she lays all the blame on me,
 The blame on me, the blame on me;
 Says, I brought her to misery,
 This is a weary life, jo.
 I'd run to the wide world's end,
 If I cou'd leave but her behind:
 I'm out of hopes she'll ever mend,
 She's prov'd a very wife, jo.

Now, bachelors, be wise in time,
 Be wise in time, be wise in time;
 Tho' she's call'd modest, fair, and fine
 And rich in gold and plate, jo;
 Yet ye'll have cause to curse hard Fate,
 If once she catch you in her net,
 Your blazing star will soon be set:
 Then look before you leap, jo.



The Jolly Beggar.

THere was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was bound,
 And he took up his quarters into a laud'art town.
 And we'll go no more a roving, a roving in the night,
 We'll go no more a roving, boys, let the moon shine ne'er so
 bright;
 And we'll go no more a roving.

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en, wi' good clean straw and
hay,

And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

Up raise the goodman's dochter, and for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar standin' i' the floor.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
O hooly! hooly wi' me, Sir, ye'll waken our goodman.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word he spake,
Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

Is there ony dogs into this town? maiden, tell me true.
And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny, and my dow?

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

They'll rive a' my mealpocks, and do me meikle wrang.
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor man?

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

Then she took up the mealpocks, and slang them o'er the wa',
The de'il gae wi' the mealpocks, my maidenhead and a'.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

I took you for some gentleman, at least the laird of Brodie:
O dool for the doing o't! are you the poor bodie?

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four-and-twenty hunder mark to pay the nourice-fee.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping o'er the
hill.

And we'll go more a roving, &c.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang them a'.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder height,
 O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight.
 And we'll go no more a roving, &c.



The Humble Beggar.

IN Scotland there liv'd a humble beggar,
 He had neither house, nor hald, nor hame,
 But he was weel liked by ilka bodie,
 And they gae him sunkets to rax his wame.

A nivefow of meal, and handfow of groats,
 A dadd of bannock, or herring brie,
 Cauld parradge, or the lickings of plates,
 Wad make him as blyth as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,
 The feint a bit of pride had he,
 He wad a ta'en his a'ms in a bikker,
 Frae gentleman, or poor bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hang,
 In as good order as wallets could be :
 A lang kail-gooly hang down by his side,
 And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd warse,
 It happen'd sae that he did die :
 And wha do ye think was at his late-wake,
 But lads and lassies of a high degree.

Some were blyth, and some were sad,
 And some they play'd at Blind Harrie :
 But suddenly up-started the auld carle,
 I redd ye, good folks, tak tent o' me.

Up gat Kate that sat i' the nook,
 Vow kimmer, and how do ye ?
 Up he gat, and ca'd her limmer,
 And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,
 E'en far frae the companie :
 But when they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,
 The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard,
He dunted on the kist, the boards did flie:
And when they were gaun to put him i' the yird,
In fell the kist, and out lap he.

He cry'd, I'm cauld, I'm unca cauld,
Fu' fast ran the fock, and fu' fast ran he:
But he was first lame at his ain ingle side,
And he helped to drink his ain dirgie.



May-Eve: *or*, Kate of Aberdeen.

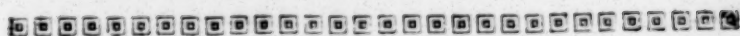
THE silver moon's enamour'd beams
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding streams,
And kiss reflected light:
To courts begone! heart-soothing sleep,
Where you've so seldom been,
Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
In primrose chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May.
The nymphs and swains shall all declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse yon nodding grove,
Till new-wak'd birds distain their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
At her approach the lark mistakes,
And quits the new-dress'd green:
Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves disportive play,
The festal dance young shepherds lead,
Or sing their love-tun'd lay,

Till May, in morning-robe, draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin-queen :
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 " Here's Kate of Aberdeen !"



S O N G.

LOVE's the tyrant of the heart,
 Full of mischief, full of woe :
 All his joys are mix'd with smart,
 Thorns beneath his roses grow :
 And, serpent-like, he stings the breast
 Where he is harbour'd and carefs'd.

The Knife-Grinder.

THERE's grinders enough, Sirs, of ev'ry degree,
 From jewel deck'd great, to low poverty :
 Whatever the station, it sharpens the sense,
 And the wheel goes round to wind in the pence.
 Master grinders enough at the helm you may find,
 Tho' I'm but a journeyman—Knives to grind.

Whatever the statesman may think of himself,
 He turns Fortune's wheel in pursuit of the self :
 He grinds back and edge, Sirs, his ends to obtain,
 And his country may starve, so he pockets the gain.

The rich grind the poor, is a saying of old.
 The merchant the tradesman, we need not be told :
 Whether Pagan, Mahometan, Christian, you be,
 There's grinders of all sorts, of ev'ry degree.

The patriot, with zeal animated, declares,
 The curtain he'll draw, and display the state-play'rs :
 He is a staunch grinder, to some 'tis well known,
 And they're mightily gall'd by the grit of his stone :

I too am a grinder :—what, what, Sirs, of that ?
 I am but in taste, since I copy the great :
 To be, Sirs, ingenuous, I'll tell you my mind,
 'Tis for what I can get makes me willing to grind.

The Charms of a Bottle.

YE mortals, whom trouble and sorrow attend,
 Whose life is a series of pain without end,
 For ever depriv'd of hope's all-cheering ray,
 Nor know what it is to be happy a day,
 Obey then the summons, the bottle invites,
 Drink deep, and I'll warrant, it sets you to rights.

Did Neptune's salt element run with fresh wine,
 Tho' all Europe's powers together combine,
 Our brave British sailors need ne'er care a jot,
 Surrounded by plenty of such rare grape-shot.
 Obey then the summons, &c.

Was each dull pedantical text-spinning vicar,
 'To leave off dry preaching, and stick to his liquor,
 O how would he wish for that power divine,
 'To change, when he would, simple water to wine.
 Obey then the summons, &c.

If wine then can miracles work such as these,
 And give to the troubl'd mind comfort and ease,
 Despair not that blessing in Bacchus you'll find,
 Who showers his gifts for the good of mankind.
 Obey then the summons, &c.

A favourite two-part Song.

WHEN Bibb thought fit from the world to retreat,
 As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
 He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
 He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
 "Trim the boat, and sit quiet!" stern Charon reply'd;
 "You may have forgot—you were drunk when you dy'd."

A favourite new Song.

LET the tempest of war be heard from afar,
 With trumpets' and cannons' alarms;
 Let the brave, if they will, by their valour or skill,
 Seek honour and conquest in arms.

To live safe, and retire, is what I desire,
 Of my flocks and my Chloe possest;
 For in them I obtain true peace, without pain,
 And the lasting enjoyment of rest.

In some cottage or cell, like a shepherd, to dwell,
 From all interruption at ease;
 In a peaceable life, to be blest with a wife,
 Who will study her husband to please.



S O N G.

VOWS of love should ever bind
 Men, who are to honour true;
 They must have a savage mind,
 Who refuse the fair their due.

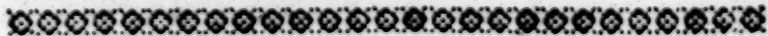
Scorn'd and hated may they be,
 Who from constancy do swerve;
 So may ev'ry nymph agree
 All such faithless swains to serve.



Advice, by a young Lady.

SHEPHERDS, would ye hope to please us,
 You must ev'ry humour try;
 Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us.
 Sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry.

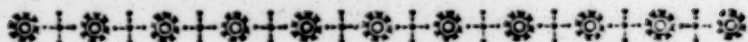
Soft denials are but trials
 Of the heart we wish to gain;
 Tho' we're shy, and seem to fly,
 If you pursue, we fly in vain.



S O N G.

BReathe soft, ye winds; be calm, ye skies;
 Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise;
 Ye silver dews, ye vernal show'rs,
 Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs.

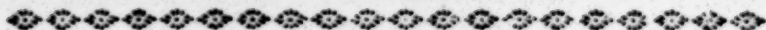
The fragrant rose, a beauteous guest,
 Shall flourish on my fair one's breast ;
 Shall grace her hand, or deck her hair,
 The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.



A favourite Duet and Chorus.

SEE the conquering hero comes,
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,
 Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
 Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the god-like youth advance,
 Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance,
 Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
 To deck the heroes brow divine.



The Invitation.

COME Colin, pride of rural swains,
 O come, and bless thy native plains :
 The daisies spring, the beeches bud,
 The songsters warble in the wood.

Come Colin, haste, O come away,
 Your smiles will make the village gay :
 When you return, the vernal breeze
 Will wake the buds, and fan the trees.

Oh ! come and see the vi'lets spring,
 The meadows laugh, the linnets sing :
 Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,
 O haste ! and make us happy here.

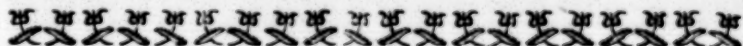


A favourite SONG.

THO' my dress and my manners is simple and plain,
 A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain ;
 My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
 And I'm richer than those who have thousands a-year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting uncouth,
 I feel no remorse for the follies of youth ;
 I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
 And my boys think my age not a moment too long.

Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and grimace,
 Creep under, dance over, for title or place ;
 Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
 That of honest I prize—and that title's my own.



The Season of Love.

BRIGHT Sol is return'd, the winter is o'er,
 His all-chearing beams do nature restore ;
 The cowslip and daisy, the vi'let and rose,
 Each garden, each orchard, does fragrance disclose :
 The birds chearful notes are heard in each grove,
 All nature confesses the season of love.

The nymphs and the shepherds come tripping amain,
 All hasten to join in the sports of the plain ;
 Our rural diversions are free from all guile,
 The face that is honest securely can smile :
 The heart that's sincere in affection, may prove
 All nature's force in the season of love.

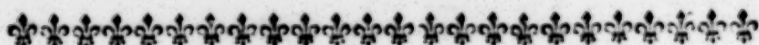
O come then, Philander, with Sylvia away,
 Our friends, that expect us, accuse our delay ;
 Let's haste to the village, the sports to begin ;
 I'll strive for my shepherd the garland to win.
 But see his approach, whom my heart does approve,
 Who makes ev'ry hour the season of love.



S O N G.

WITH the man that I love, was I destin'd to dwell
 On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell ;
 Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
 More pleasing than courts, or a palace, to me.

Let the vain, and the venal, in wedlock aspire
 To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire;
 I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are plac'd,
 Insensible creatures ! 'tis all they can taste.



SONG for three Voices.

LET ambition fire thy mind,
 Thou wert born o'er men to reign,
 Not to follow flocks design'd;
 Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet,
 Thou on necks of kings shall tread;
 Joys incircling joys shall meet,
 Which way e'er thy fancy lead.

Let not toils of empire fright;
 Toils of empire pleasure are:
 Thou shalt only know delight,
 All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
 For the blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.



Dawn of Hope.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
 And banishes despair;
 If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
 My tender grief remove;
 Oh ! send some chearing ray of light,
 And guide me to my Love.

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,
 The pensive Celia mourn'd,
 While courteous Echo lent her aid,
 And sigh for sigh return'd.

When sudden, Damon's well-known face
 Each rising fear disarms;
 He, eager, springs to her embrace,
 She sinks into his arms.



Charms of Lovely Peggy.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell;
 A flame which time can never quell,
 That burns for thee, my Peggy.
 Yet greater bards the lyre should hit;
 For pray what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sacred wit,
 And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The sun just rising in the morn,
 That paints the new-bespangled thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn
 As does my lovely Peggy.
 And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
 He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon my oaten reed,
 To please my lovely Peggy.
 With her a cottage would delight,
 All pleases while she's in my sight;
 But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
 All's dark without my Peggy.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,
 They do not half the sweets disclose,
 As does my lovely Peggy.
 I stole a kiss the other day,
 And, truft me, nought but truth I say,
 The fragrant breath of blooming May,
 Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,
 And linnets warble through the grove,
 Or stately swans the waters love,
 So long shall I love Peggy.
 And when Death, with his pointed dart,
 Shall strike the blow that wounds my heart,
 My words shall be, when I depart,
 Adieu ! my lovely Peggy.

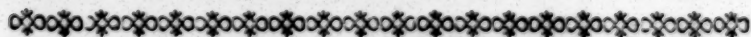


Cumbernauld-House.

FROM anxious zeal and factious strife,
 From all th' uneasy cares of life,
 From beauty still to merit blind,
 And still to fools and coxcombs kind ;
 To where the woods, in brightest green,
 Like rising theatres are seen,
 Where gently murm'ring runs the rill,
 And draws fresh streams from ev'ry hill.

Where Philomel, in mournful strains,
 Like me, of hopeless love complains,
 Retir'd I pass the live-long day,
 And idly trifle life away.
 My lyre to tender accents strung,
 I tell each slight, each scorn and wrong,
 'Then Reason to my aid I call,
 Review past scenes, and scorn them all.

Superior thoughts my mind engage,
 Allur'd by Newton's tempting page,
 Thro' new-found worlds I wing my flight,
 And trace the glorious source of light :
 But should Clarinda there appear,
 With all her charms of shape and air,
 How frail my fix'd resolves would prove,
 Again I'd yield, again I'd love.



Flowers of the Forest.

I'VE seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay ;
 Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing,
 But now 'tis fled, — fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
 Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,
 But now they are wither'd and weeded away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in sunny beams,
 Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

O fickle Fortune! why this cruel sporting?
 O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
 Nae mair your smiles can cheer me, nae mair your frowns
 can fear me,
 For the flowers of the forest are withered away.



Same Tune.

A DIEU, ye streams that smoothly glide
 Thro' mazy windings o'er the plain,
 I'll in some lonely cave reside,
 And ever mourn my faithful swain.
 Flower of the forest was my love,
 Soft as the sighing summer's gale,
 Gentle and constant as the dove,
 Blooming as roses in the vale.
 Alas! by Tweed my love did stray,
 For me he search'd the banks around;
 But, ah! the sad and fatal day,
 My love, the pride of swains, was drown'd.
 Now droops the willow o'er the stream,
 Pale stalks his ghost on yonder grove,
 Dire Fancy paints him in my dream,
 Awake I mourn my hopeless love.



The Flowers of Edinburgh.

MY Love was once a bonny lad,
 He was the flower of all his kin;
 The absence of his bonny face
 Has rent my tender heart in twain.

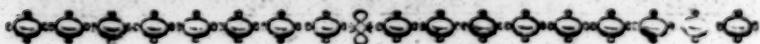
I day nor night find no delight,
 In silent tears I still complain;
 And exclaim 'gainst those my rival foes,
 That ha'e ta'en from me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fills my breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming rose;
 I sigh and moan while others rest,
 His absence yields me no repose.
 To seek my love I'll range and rove,
 Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain;
 Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,
 T' hear tidings from my darling swain.

There's nothing strange in Nature's change,
 Since parents shew such cruelty;
 They caus'd my love from me to range,
 And knows not to what destiny.
 The pretty kids and tender lambs
 May cease to sport upon the plain;
 But I'll mourn and lament, in deep discontent,
 For the absence of my darling swain.

Kind Neptune, let me thee intreat,
 To send a fair and pleasant gale;
 Ye dolphins sweet, upon me wait,
 And convey me on your tail.
 Heavens bless my voyage with success,
 While crossing of the raging main,
 And send me safe o'er to that distant shore,
 To meet my lovely darling swain.

All joy and mirth at our return
 Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay;
 The bells shall ring, and sweet birds sing,
 To grace and crown our nuptial day.
 Thus bless'd with charms in my love's arms,
 My heart once more I will regain;
 Then I'll range no more to a distant shore,
 But in love will enjoy my darling swain.



Fee him, Father, fee him.

O Saw ye Johnny cumin, quo' she,
 Saw ye Johnny cumin;
 O saw ye Johnny cumin, quo' she,
 Saw ye Johnny cumin;

O saw ye Johny cumin, quo' she,
 Saw ye Johny cumin;
 Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
 And his dogie rinnin, quo' she,
 And his doggy rinnin?

O fee him father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 O fee him father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him.
 For he is a gallant lad,
 And a well-doin, quo' she,
 And a' the wark about the town
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
 Gaes wi' me when I see him.

O what will I do wi' him, ~~quo' she~~, *lassie*
 What will I do wi' him?
 He has na'er a coat upon his back,
 And I hae naue to gi' him.
 I hae twa coats into my kist,
 And aue of them I'll gi'e him;
 And for a mark of mair fee
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
 Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I loe him, quo' she,
 Weel do I loe him;
 For weel do I loe him, quo' she,
 Weel do I loe him.
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 He'll hād the pleugh, thresh in the bairn,
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she.
 And crack wi' me at e'en.



Hey Jenny come down to Jock.

JOCKY he came here to woo,
 On ae feast-day when we were fu';
 And Jenny pat on her best array,
 When she heard Jocky was come that way.

Jenny she gaed up the stair,
 Sae privily to change her smock;
 And ay sae loud as her mither did rair,
 Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

Jenny she came down the stair,
 And she came bobbin and bakin ben;
 Her stays they were lac'd, and her waist it was jimp,
 And a bra' new-made manco gown.

Jocky took her be the hand,
 O Jenny, can ye fancy me?
 My father is dead, and he's left me some land,
 And bra' houses twa or three;

And I will gie them a' to thee.
 A haith, quo' Jenny, I fear you mock.
 Then foul fa' me gin I scorn thee;
 If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

Jenny lookit, and syne she leugh,
 Ye first maun get my mither's consent.
 A weel, goodwife, and what say ye?
 Quo' she, Jocky, I'm weel content.

Jenny to her mither did say,
 O mither, fetch us some good meat;
 A piece o' the butter was kirk'd the day,
 That Jocky and I the gither may eat.

Jocky unto Jenny did say,
 Jenny, my dear, I want nae meat;
 It was nae for meat that I came here,
 But a' for the love of you, Jenny, my dear.

Then Jocky and Jenny were led to their bed,
 And Jocky he lay neist the stock;
 And five or six times ere break of day,
 He ask'd at Jenny how she lik'd Jock.

Quo' Jenny, dear Jock, you gi'e me content,
 I bless my mither for gieing consent:
 And on the next morning, before the first cock,
 Our Jenny did cry, I dearly love Jock.

Jenny she gaed up the gait,
 Wi' a green gown as sild as her smock;
 And ay sae loud as her mither did rair,
 Vow, sirs, has nae Jenny got Jock?

Jocky and Jenny.

Jocky. **W**Hen Jocky was bless'd with your love and your truth,

Not on Tweed's pleasant banks dwelt so blithsome a youth.

With Jenny I sported it all the day long,

And her name was the burden and joy of my song.

And her name was the burden and joy of my song.

Jenny. Ere Jocky had ceas'd all his kindness to me,

There liv'd in a vale not so happy a she.

Such pleasures with Jocky his Jenny had known,

That she scorn'd in a cot the fine folks of the town.

Jocky. Ah! Jocky, what fear now possesses thy mind,

That Jenny, so constant, to Willy's been kind!

When dancing so gay with the nymphs on the plain,

She yielded her hand and her heart to the swain.

Jenny. You falsely upbraid,—but remember the day

With Lucy you toy'd it beneath the new hay;

When alone with your Lucy, the shepherds have said,

You forgot all the vows that to Jenny you made.

Jocky. Believe not, sweet Jenny, my heart stray'd from thee,

For Lucy the wanton's a maid still for me:

From a lass that's so true your fond Jocky ne'er rov'd,

Nor once could forsake the kind Jenny he lov'd.

Jenny. My heart for young Willy ne'er panted nor sigh'd

For you of that heart was the joy and the pride.

While Tweed's waters glide, shall your Jenny be true,

Nor love, my dear Jocky, a shepherd like you.

Jocky. No shepherd e'er met with so faithful a fair;

For kindness no youth can with Jocky compare

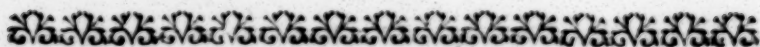
We'll love then, and live from fierce jealousy free,

And none on the plain shall be happy as we.

Logan-Water.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting foe to love ;
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part ;
 Bid us sigh on from day to day,
 And wish, and wish the soul away,
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of life is gone !

But busy, busy still art thou,
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 And join the gentle to the rude.
 For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
 And I absolve thy future care ;
 All other wishes I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.



Low down in the Broom.

TWAS on a Monday morning,
 The day appointed was,
 That Pate went forth unto the broom
 To meet his bonny lass.
 Blithe and merry was his heart,
 And sweetly then sung he,
 She's low down, she's in the broom,
 Waiting for me :
 Waiting for me, my dear,
 Waiting for me ;
 She's low down, she's in the broom,
 Where merry shall we be.
 Now Jenny she's gane down the broom,
 And it's to meet wi' Pate ;
 But what they said,—and what they did,
 We shortly shall repeat.
 Blithe and merry was her heart,
 And sweetly then sung she,
 He's low down, he's in the broom,
 Waiting for me.
 Waiting for me, &c.

She looked o'er her left shoulder,
 To see what she could see,
 And there she spy'd her own true love
 Come linkin o'er the lee ;
 With his little bonnet on his head,
 His plaid above his knee :
 And he's coming skipping o'er the broom
 For to meet with me.
 For to meet, &c.

He took his true love in his arms,
 Sae merry was his heart,
 And said. My life, my lovely jewel,
 My dear, we'll never part.
 He said, My dear, we'll never part,
 Until the day we die,
 And since we're down among the broom,
 Merry shall we be.
 Merry shall we be, &c.

Hold off your hand, young man, she said,
 And do not use me so,
 For little does my father,
 Or yet my mother know.
 And they will wonder in their minds
 What is become of me,
 They'll little think I'm in the broom
 Talking with thee.
 Talking with thee, &c.

My daddy is a canker'd carle,
 He'll nae twin wi' his gear ;
 My minny she's a scaulding wife,
 Hads a' the house a steer :
 But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me ;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That waited on me :
 Waited on me, &c.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
 And fair she lightlies me ;
 But weel ken I it's a' envy,
 For ne'er a jo has she.
 But let them, &c.

My cousin Kate was fair beguil'd
 Wi' Johnny i' the glen;
 And ay finfyne she cries, Beware
 Of false deluding men.
 But let them, &c.

Gleed Sandy he came west ae night,
 And spier'd when I saw Pate:
 And ay finfyne the neighbours round
 They jeer me air and late.
 But let them, &c.

They parted blithe, and weel content,
 Sae merry mat they be:
 For a constant swain has Patie prov'd,
 And a kind lass was she.
 Ye've waited on me, my love,
 Ye've waited on me;
 Ye've waited lang amang the broom,
 Now I am bound to thee:
 Sae let them say, or let them do,
 'Tis a' ane to me;
 For I have vow'd to love you, lad,
 Until the day I die.



Lack of Gold.

FOR the lack of gold she's left me,
 And of all that's dear bereft me:
 She me forfook for a great duke,
 And to endless woes she's left me.

A stir and garter have more art
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
 For empty titles we must part,
 And for glitt'ring show she's left me.

No cruel fair shall e'er more move
 My injur'd heart again to love;
 Through distant climates I must rove,
 Since Jeany she has left me.

Ye Pow'rs above, I to your care
 Give up my charming lovely fair;
 Your choicest blessings be her share,
 Tho' she's for ever left me.

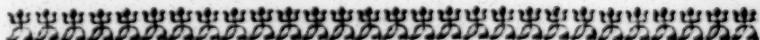
Pinky-House.

BY Pinky-House oft let me walk,
 While circled in my arms,
 I hear my Nelly sweetly talk.
 And gaze o'er all her charms;
 O let me ever fond behold
 Those graces void of art!
 Those chearful smiles that sweetly hold
 In willing chains my heart.

O come, my Love! and bring a-new
 That gentle turn of mind;
 That gracefulness of air, in you,
 By Nature's hand design'd:
 That beauty, like the blushing rose,
 First lighted up this flame;
 Which, like the sun, for ever glows
 Within my breast the same!

Ye light Coquets! ye airy things!
 How vain is all your art!
 How seldom it a lover brings!
 How rarely keeps a heart!
 O! gather from my Nelly's charms,
 That sweet, that graceful ease;
 That blushing modesty that warms;
 That native art to please!

Come then, my Love! O come along!
 And feed me with thy charms;
 Come, fair Inspirer of my song
 O fill my longing arms!
 A flame like mine can never die,
 While charms, so bright as thine,
 So heav'nly fair, both please the eye,
 And fill the soul divine!



The Run-away Bride.

A Ladie and a lassie
 Dwelt in the south countrie,
 And they hae casten their clais thegither,
 And married they wad be.

The bridal-day was set,
On Tisefday for to be;
Then hey play up the rinawa bride,
For she has ta'en the gie.

The bridegroom hugg'd and kiss'd her,
And press'd her to Mefs John;
But she's run awa', and left him
To face the priest alone.
From town to town they sought her,
But found she cou'd na be:
Then hey, &c.

Her father and her mither
Ran after her wi' speed,
And ay they ran until they came
Unto the water of Tweed;
And when they came to Kelfo town,
They gart the clap gae thro',
Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,
The face o't lin'd up wi' blue;

The face o't lin'd up wi' blue,
And the tail lin'd up wi' green,
Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,
Shou'd been married on Tisefday 'teen?
With red stockings on her legs,
Twa coal-black blinkin' e'en;
Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,
Shou'd been married on Tisefday te'en.

When that she was a wanting,
And could not be found at all,
The bridegroom screech'd and tore himsel',
Crying, his joy and only all;
Since she has gone and left me,
Alas! for her I must die!
Then hey, &c.

Now wally su' fa' the silly bridegroom,
He was as fast as butter;
For had she play'd the like to me,
I had nae sae easly quit her;
I'd gi'en her a tune o' my hoboy,
And set my fancy free;
And syne play'd up our rinawa' bride,
And latten her tak the gie.

If he had but allow'd her
 To've come to hersel' again,
 He needet not to have ru'd her,
 To ease him of his pain:
 For if that he had been easy,
 She'd been more keener than he:
 Then hey, &c.

She had nae run a mile or twa,
 when she began to confider,
 The ang'ring of her father dear,
 The displeasing o' her mither;
 The fighting of the silly bridegroom,
 The best o' a' the three;
 Then hey, &c.

The bride's best-maid was grieved
 To hear the bridegroom cry;
 And so merrily as she chear'd him,
 What think ye of you and I?
 Let's join our hands right frankly,
 And wedded we will be;
 And let Meg Dorts go belt hersel',
 Since she has ta'en the gie.

So soon Mefs John was sent for,
 To tie up the marriage-bands;
 When the faucy bride she heard it,
 She screech'd and clap'd her hands:
 But the bridegroom mock'd and jeer'd her,
 Saying, You've come too late for me;
 Go tell your father and mother
 How I can cure the gie.



A Man to my Mind.

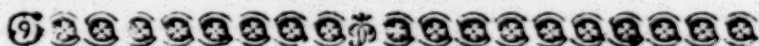
SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins despis'd,
 To all bachelors, greeting, these lines are premis'd;
 I'm a maid that would marry—oh! could I but find,
 I care not for fortune—a man to my mind,
 A man to my mind,
 A man to my mind,
 I care not for fortune—a man to my mind.

Not the fair-feather'd fop, fond of fashion and dress;
 Not the 'squire, that can relish no joys but the chace;
 Not the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind;
 Neither this, that, nor the other's the man to my mind.

Not the ruddy-fac'd sot, who tops world without end;
 Not the drone, that can't relish his bottle and friend;
 Not the fool, that's too fond; nor the churl, that's unkind;
 Neither this, &c.

Not the rich with full bags, without breeding or merit;
 Not the flush, that's all fury, without any spirit;
 Not the fine Mr Fribble, the scorn of mankind;
 Neither this, &c.

But the youth, whom good sense and good-nature inspire,
 Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should admire;
 In whose heart love and truth are with honour conjoin'd,
 This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.

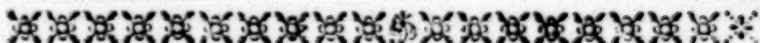


Sae merry as we hae been.

A Lafs that was laden'd with care
 Sat heavily under yon thorn;
 I listen'd a while for to hear,
 When thus she began for to mourn:
 Whene'er my dear shepherd was there,
 The birds did melodiously sing,
 And cold nipping winter did wear
 A face that resembled the spring.
 Sae merry as we twa hae been,
 Sae merry as we twa hae been,
 My heart it is like for to break,
 When I think on the days we have seen.

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
 He gently pressing my hand,
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command!
 My dear, he would oft to me say,
 What makes you hard-hearted to me?
 Oh! why do you thus turn away
 From him who is dying for thee?
 Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my sight,
 Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
 Which makes me lament day and night,
 That ever I granted my love.
 At eve, when the rest of the folk
 Were merrily seated to spin,
 I set myself under an oak,
 And heavily sigh'd for him.
 Sae merry, &c.



Saw ye nae my Peggy.

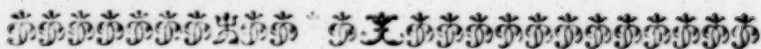
SAW ye nae my Peggy,
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,
 Coming o'er the lee?
 Sure a finer creature
 Ne'er was form'd by Nature,
 So complete each feature,
 So divine is she.

O! how Peggy charms me;
 Every look still warms me;
 Every thought alarms me,
 Left she love nae me.
 Peggy doth discover
 Nought but charms all over;
 Nature bids me love her,
 That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
 To become a rover?
 No, I'll ne'er give over,
 'Till I happy be.
 For since love inspires me,
 As her beauty fires me,
 And her absence tires me,
 Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
 Fate seems to detain her;
 Cou'd I but obtain her,
 Happy wou'd I be!

I'll ly down before her,
 Bleis, sigh, and adore her,
 With faint looks implore her,
 'Till she pity me.



Sir John Malcolm.

KEEP ye weel frae Sir John Malcolm,
 Igo and ago,
 If he's a wise man, I mistak him,
 Iram coram dago.
 Keep ye weel frae Sandie Don,
 Igo and ago,
 He's ten times daster than Sir John,
 Iram coram dago.

To hear them of their travels talk,
 To gae to London's but a walk;
 I hae been at Amsterdam,
 Where I saw mony a brow madam.

To see the wonders of the deep,
 Wad gar a man baith wail and weep;
 To see the Leviathans skip,
 And wi' their tails ding o'er a ship.

Was ye e'er in Crail town?
 Did ye see Clark Dishingtoun?
 His wig was like a drouket hen,
 And the tail o't hang down,
 like a meikle maan lang draket goose-pen.

But for to make ye mair enamour'd,
 He has a glass in his best chamber;
 But forth he slept unto the door,
 For he took pills the night before.

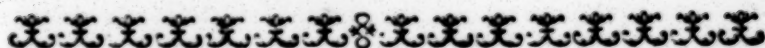


Favourite SONG.

ALAS! when charming Sylvia's gone,
 I sigh, and think myself undone;
 But when the lovely nymph is here,
 I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear.
 Though less of all but her I rove,
 Ah! tell me, is not this call'd love?

Ah me ! what pow'r can move me so ?
 I die with grief when she must go,
 But I revive at her return ;
 I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn :
 Transports so strong, so sweet, so new,
 Say, can they be to friendship due ?

Ah no ! 'tis love, 'tis now too plain,
 I feel, I feel the pleasing pain ;
 For who e'er saw bright Sylvia's eyes,
 But wish'd, and long'd, and was her prize !
 Gods, if the truest must be bless'd,
 O let her be by me possess'd.



Woo'd and Married and a'.

WOO'D and married and a',
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Was she nae very weel aff,
 Was woo'd and married and a'.

The bride came out of the byre,
 And O as she dighted her cheeks,
 Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
 And has neither blankets nor sheets;
 Has neither blankets nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too ;
 The bride that has a' to borrow,
 Has e'en right meikle ado.
 Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's father,
 As he came in frae the plough ;
 O had ye're tongue my daughter,
 And ye's get gear enough ;
 The stirk that stands i' th' tether,
 And our bra' basin'd yade,
 Will carry ye hame your corn,
 What wad ye be at, ye jade ?
 Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,
 What d—I needs a' this pride ?
 I had nae a plack in my pouch
 That night I was a bride ;

My gown was linsy-woolsey,
 And ne'er a fark ava;
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
 Mae than ane or twa.
 Woo'd and married, &c.

What's the matter, quo' Willie,
 Tho' we be scant o' claiths,
 We'll creep the nearer the gither,
 And we'll smore a' the fleas:
 Simmer is coming on,
 And we'll get teats of woo;
 And we'll get a lafs o' our ain,
 And she'll spin claiths anew.
 Woo'd and married, &c.



Out spake the bride's brither,
 As he came in wi' the kie,
 Poor Willie had ne'er a tane ye,
 Had he kent ye as well as I;
 For you're baith proud and faucy,
 And no for a poor man's wife;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 Ise never tak ane i' my life.
 Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's sister,
 As she came in frae the byre,
 O gin I were but married,
 It's a' that I desire:
 But we poor fo'k maun live single,
 And do the best we can;
 I dinna care what I shou'd want,
 If I cou'd get but a man.
 Woo'd and married, &c.



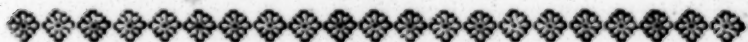
S O N G.

ERE Phebus shall peep on the fresh budding flow'r,
 Or blue-bells are rob'd of their dew;
 Sleep on my Maria while I deck the bow'r,
 To make it more worthy of you.

There roses and jess'mine each other shall greet,
 And mingle, to copy thy hue;
 The lily, to match with thy bosom so sweet—
 How faint its resemblance of you!

With sweets of thy breath the hedge-vi'let shall vie,
 But weakly, and pay it its due;
 The thorn shall be rob'd of the fleece for thine eye,
 Yet Nature paints nothing like you.

The leaves of the Sensitive-plant must declare
 The truth of my well-belov'd she,
 Whose hands, if to touch it bold shepherds should dare,
 Would shrink from all others but me.



We're gayly yet.

WE'RE gayly yet, and we're gayly yet,
 And we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet,
 Then sit ye a while and tipple a bit,
 For we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.
 There was a lad, and they ca'd him Dicky,
 He gae me a kifs, and I bit his lippy,
 Then under my apron he shew'd me a trick:
 And we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.
 And we're gayly yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad,
 There were three lasses, and they them had.
 Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung,
 And we's a get gear enough, we're but young.
 Then up wi't, Aillie, Aillie, up wi't Aillie, now,
 Then up wi't Aillie, quo' cummer, we's a get roaring fou.

And one was kifs'd in the barn,
 Another was kifs'd on the green,
 The third behind the pease-stack,
 Till the mow flew up to her een.
 Then up wi't, &c.

Now, sy, John Thomson rin,
 Gin ever ye ran in your life:
 De'il get you, but hey, my dear Jack,
 There's a man got a-bed with your wife.
 Then up wi't, &c.

Then away John Thomson ran,
 And i trow he ran with speed;
 But before he rad run his length,
 The false loon had done the deed.
 We're gayly yet, &c.



Sons of Care.

BY the gayly circling glass
 'We can see how minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask are told,
 How the waining night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day,
 Drives us from our sports away;
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you?

Come, then, fill the chearful glass,
 Truth is only found in wine:
 Tales of love are all a farce,
 But true friendship is divine.



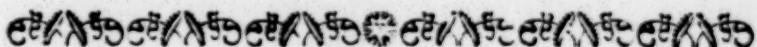
S O N G. Tune---*Lumps of Pudding.*

HOLLO! keep it up, boys—and push round the glass,
 Let each seize his bumper, and drink to his lass:
 Away with dull thinking—'tis madness to think—
 And let those be sober who've nothing to drink.
 Tal de ral, &c.

Silence that vile clock, with its iron-tongu'd bell,
 Of the hour that's departed still ringing the knell:
 But what is't to us that the hours flee away?
 'Tis only a signal to moisten the clay.

Huzza, boys! let each take a bumper in hand,
 And stand—if there's any one able to stand.
 How all things dance round me!—'tis life, tho' my boys:
 Of drinking and spewing how great are the joys!

My head ! oh, my head !—but no matter, 'tis life ;
 Far better than moping at home with one's wife.
 The pleasures of drinking you're sure must be grand,
 When I'm neither able to think, speak, nor stand. R. F.



S O N G.

A MIDST a rosy bank of flowers,
 Young Damon mourn'd his forlorn fate ;
 In sighs he spent his languid hours,
 And breath'd his woes in lonely state.

Gay joy no more shall cheer his mind,
 No wanton sports can sooth his care,
 Since sweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
 And left him full of bleak despair.

His looks, that were as fresh as morn,
 Can now no longer smiles impart ;
 His pensive soul, on sadness born,
 Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.

Turn, fair Amanda ! cheer your swain,
 Unshroud him from his veil of woe ;
 Range every charm to ease the pain
 That in his tortur'd breast doth grow. R. F.

The Simile.

AT noontide, as Colin and Silvia lay
 Within a cool jessamine bower,
 A butterfly, wak'd by the heat of the day,
 Was sipping the juice of each flower.

Near the shade of this covert a young shepherd boy,
 The gaudy brisk flutterer spies,
 Who held it as pastime to seek and destroy
 Each beautiful insect that flies.

From the lily he hunted this fly to the rose,
 From the rose to the lily again ;
 Till, weary with tracing its motions, he chose
 To leave the pursuit with disdain.

Then Colin to Silvia smilingly said,
 Amyntor has follow'd you long ;
 From him, like the butterfly, still have you fled,
 Tho' woo'd by his musical tongue.

Beware, in persisting, to start from his arms,
 But with his fond wishes comply :
 Come take my advice ; or he's pull'd with your charms,
 Like the youth and the beautiful fly.

Says Sylvia, Colin, thy simile's just,
 But still to Amyntor I'm coy ;
 For I vow she's a simpleton blind that would trust
 A swain, when he courts to destroy.

R. F.

The Hermitage at Braid.

WOULD you relish a rural retreat,
 Or the pleasure the groves can inspire,
 The city's allurements forget,
 To this spot of enchantment retire.

Where a valley, and chrystaline brook,
 Whose current glides sweetly along,
 Give Nature a fanciful look
 The beautiful woodlands among.

Behold the umbrageous trees
 A covert of verdure have spread,
 Where shepherds may loll at their ease,
 And pipe to the musical shade.

For lo ! thro' each op'ning is heard,
 In concert with waters below,
 The voice of a musical bird,
 Whose numbers do gracefully flow.

The bushes and arbours so green,
 The tendrils of spray interwove,
 With foliage shelter the scene,
 And form a retirement for love.

Here Venus transported may rove
 From pleasure to pleasure unseen,
 Nor wish for the Cyprian grove
 Her youthful Adonis to screen.

Oft let me contemplative dwell
 On a scene where such beauties appear :
 I could live in a cot or a cell,
 And never think solitude near.

R. F.

S O N G.

WHERE winding Forth adorns the vale,
 Fond Strephon, once a shepherd gay,
 Did to the rocks his lot bewail,
 And thus address'd his plaintive lay :
 O Julia ! more than lily fair,
 More blooming than the kindling rose,
 How can thy breast relentless wear
 A heart more cold than winter's snows ?

Yet nipping winter's keenest sway,
 But for a short-liv'd space prevails :
 Spring-time returns and cheers each swain,
 Scented with Flora's fragrant gales,
 Come, Julia, come, thy love obey,
 Thou mistress of angelic charms !
 Come smiling like the morn in May,
 And center in thy Strephon's arms.

Else haunted by the fiend despair,
 He'll court some solitary grove,
 Where mortal foot did ne'er repair,
 But swains oppress'd by hapless love.
 From the once pleasing rural throng
 Remov'd, he'll thro' the desert stray,
 Where Philomela's mournful song
 Shall join his melancholy lay.

R. F.

The Rivers of Scotland. An ODE.

Set to Music by Mr. COLLETT.

O'ER Scotia's parched land the Naiads flew,
 From towering hills explor'd her shelter'd vales,
 Caus'd Forth in wild meanders please the view,
 And lift her waters to the zephyrs gales.

Where the glad swain surveys his fertile fields,
And reaps the plenty which his harvest yields.

Here did those lovely nymphs unseen,

Oft wander by the river's side,

And oft unbind their tresses green,

To bathe them in the fluid tide.

Then to the shady grottos would retire,

And sweetly echo to the warbling choir ;

Or to the rushing waters tune their shells,

To call up echo from the woods,

Or from the rocks, or chrystal floods,

Or from surrounding banks, or hills, or dales.

Chorus. Or to the rushing waters, &c.

When the cool fountains first their springs forsook,

Murmuring smoothly to the azure main,

Exulting Neptune then his trident shook,

And wav'd his waters gently to the plain.

The friendly Tritons on his chariot born,

With cheeks dilated blew the hollow-sounding horn.

Now Lothian and Fife's shores,

Resounding to the mermaids song,

Gladly emit their limpid stores,

And bid them smoothly sail along

To Neptune's empire, and with him to roll

Round the revolving sphere from pole to pole ;

To guard Britannia from envious foes,

To view her angry vengeance hurl'd

In awful thunder round the world,

And trembling nations bending to her blows.

Chor. To guard Britannia, &c.

High towering on the zephyrs' breezy wing,

Swift fly the Naiads from Forth's shores,

And to the southern airy mountains bring

Their sweet enchantment, and their magic powers.

Each nymph her favourite willow takes,

The earth with ferv'rous tremor shakes,

The stagnant lakes obey their call,

Streams o'er the grassy pastures fall.

Tweed spreads her waters to the lucid ray,

Upon the dimpled surf the sun-beams play :

On her green banks the tuneful shepherd lies,
 Charm'd with the music of his reed,
 Amidst the wavings of the Tweed :
 From sky-reflecting streams the river nymphs arise.
Chor. On her green banks, &c.

The list'ning muses heard the shepherd play,
 Fame with her brazen trump proclaim'd his name ;
 And, to attend the easy graceful lay,
 Pan from Arcadia to Tweda came.
 Fond of the change, along the banks he stray'd,
 And sung, unmindful of th' Arcadian shade.

A I R, *Tweedside.*

Attend every fanciful swain,
 Whose notes softly flow from the reed ;
 With harmony guide the sweet strain,
 To sing of the beauties of Tweed.

Where the music of woods, and of streams
 In soothing sweet melody join,
 To enliven your pastoral themes,
 And make human numbers divine.

Chor. Ye warblers from the vocal grove,
 The tender woodland strain approve,
 While Tweed in smoother cadence glides,
 O'er flow'ry vales in gentle tides ;
 And as she rolls her silver waves along,
 Murmurs and sighs to quit the rural song.
 Scotia's great Genius in russet clad,
 From the cool sedgy bank exalts her head,
 In joyful rapture she the change espies,
 Sees living streams descend, and groves arise.

A I R, *Gilderoy.*

As fable clouds, at early day,
 Oft dim the shining skies,
 So gloomy thoughts create dismay,
 And lustre leaves her eyes.

“ Ye powers ! are Scotia's ample fields
 “ With so much beauty grac'd,
 “ To have those sweets your bounty yields,
 “ By foreign foes defac'd ?

" O Jove ! at whose supreme command
 " The limpid fountains play,
 " O'er Caledonia's northern land
 " Let restless waters stray.
 " Since from the void creation rose,
 " Thou'lt made a sacred vow,
 " That Caledon to foreign foes
 " Should ne'er be known to bow."

The Mighty Thund'rer on his sapphire throne,
 In mercy's robes attir'd, heard the sweet voice
 Of female woe—soft as the moving song
 Of Philomela 'midst the evening shades;
 And thus return'd an answer to her pray'rs :

" Where birks at Nature's call arise ;
 " Where fragrance hails the vaulted skies ;
 " Where my own oak its umbrage spreads.
 " Delightful 'midst the woody shades :
 " Where ivy mould'ring rocks entwines ;
 " Where breezes bend the lofty pines :
 " There shall the laughing Naiads stray,
 " 'Midst the sweet banks of winding Tay."

From the dark womb of earth Tay's waters spring,
 Ordain'd by Jove's unalterable voice :
 The sounding lyre celestial muses string,
 The choiring songsters in the groves rejoice.
 Each fount its chrystal fluids pours,
 Which from surrounding mountains flow :
 The river baths its verdant shores,
 Cool o'er the surf the breezes blow.

Let England's sons extol their gardens fair,
 Scotland may freely boast her gen'rous streams,
 Their soil more fertile, and their milder air,
 Her fishes sporting in the solar beams.
 Thames, Humber, Severn, all must yield the bay
 To the pure streams of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.
Chor. Thames, Humber, &c.

O Scotia ! when such beauty claims
 A mansion near thy flowing streams,
 Ne'er shall stern Mars, in iron car,
 Drive his proud courfers to the war :

But fairy forms shall strew around
 Their olives on the peaceful ground;
 And turtles join the warbling throng,
 To usher in the morning song.
 Or shout in chorus all the live-long day,
 From the green banks of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

When gentle Phebe's friendly light
 In silver radiance clothes the night,
 Still Music's ever-varying strains
 Shall tell the lovers, Cynthia reigns,
 And wooe them to her midnight bowers,
 Among the fragrant dew-clad flowers,
 Where ev'ry rock, and hill, and dale,
 With echoes greet the Nightingale,
 Whose pleasing, soft, pathetic tongue,
 To kind condolence turns the song;
 And often wins the love-sick swain to stray,
 To hear the tender variegated lay,
 Thro' the dark woods of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

Hail, native streams, and native groves!
 Oozy caverns, green alcoves!
 Retreats for Cytherea's reign,
 With all the graces in her train.
 Hail, Fancy, thou, whose ray so bright
 Dispels the glimm'ring taper's light!
 Come in aerial vesture blue,
 Ever pleasing, ever new,
 In these recesses deign to dwell
 With me, in yonder moss-clad cell:
 Then shall my reed, successful, tune the lay,
 In numbers, wildly warbling, as they stray
 Thro' the glad banks of Forth, Tweed, and Tay.

R. FERGUSON.



S O N G.

THE women all tell me, I'm false to my lass,
 That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my glass:
 But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own,
 And if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

K

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair;
 But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
 That make it as good, and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles I must own,
 And tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could frown:
 But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
 Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime,
 Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time;
 But in wine, from its age, such a benefit flows,
 That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been cloy'd,
 And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd;
 But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
 For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history, prove
 The mischief that wait upon rivals in love;
 But in drinking, thank Heav'n, no rival contends,
 The more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joys of my life,
 With nurses, and babies, and squalling, and strife;
 But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring:
 And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage,
 It brings on diseases, and hastens old age;
 But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
 And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
 She has left me, to get an estate, or a lord;
 But my bumper (regarding not title or pelf)
 Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain,
 She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain:
 For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy;
 Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

S O N G.

IF Love's a sweet passion, how can it torment?
 If bitter, O tell me, whence comes my content?
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my fate, when I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That, at once, it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And, by passionate silence, I make my love known:
 But, oh! how I'm blest, when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing mistake, to discover her love:
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name!

How pleasing is beauty! how sweet are its charms!
 How delightful embraces! how peaceful her arms!
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love.
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
 And to Beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield;
 For 'tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

Same Tune.

IF Wine be a cordial, why does it torment?
 If poison, O tell me, whence comes my content?
 Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or repent ev'ry morn', when I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so charming the glass is, so deep is the quart,
 That, at once, it both drowns, and enlivens my heart.

I take it off briskly, and, when it is down,
 By my jolly complexion I make my joy known:
 But, oh! how I'm blest, when so strong it does prove,
 By its sov'reign heat, to expel that of love;
 When in quenching the old I create a new flame,
 And am wrapt in such pleasures as still want a name.

S O N G.

WHAT shepherd or nymph of the grove
 Can blame me for dropping a tear,
 Or lamenting aloud, as I rove,
 Since Sylvia no longer is here?
 My flocks, if at random they stray,
 What wonder, since she's from the plains!
 Her hand they were wont to obey,
 She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
 To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
 Or the river that runs by the mill;
 There sweet by my side as she lay,
 And heard the fond stories I told,
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
 Or the bleating of lambs from the fold.

How oft wou'd I spy out a charm,
 Which before had been hid from my view?
 And, while arm was enfolded in arm,
 My lips to her lips how they grew!
 How oft the sweet contest would last,
 Till the hours of retirement and rest;
 What pleasures and pains each had pass'd,
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No changes of place, or of time,
 I felt when my fair one was near;
 Alike was each weather and clime,
 Each season that chequer'd the year.
 In winter's rude lap did we freeze,
 Did we melt on the bosom of May,
 Each morn brought contentment and ease,
 We rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask,
 She had all the kind gods could impart;
 She was Nature's most beautiful task,
 The despair and the envy of art:
 There all that is worthy to prize,
 In all that is lovely is drest;
 For the Graces were throng'd in her eyes,
 And the Virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

The Linnets.

AS bringing home, the other day,
 Two Linnets I had ta'en,
 The pretty warblers seem'd to pray
 For liberty again.
 Unheedful of their tuneful notes,
 I sang across the mead:
 In vain they swell'd their downy throats,
 And flutter'd to be freed.

When passing through the tufted grove,
 Near which my cottage stood,
 I thought I saw the queen of love,
 Whilst Chloe's charms I view'd.
 I gaz'd, I sigh'd, I prest her stay,
 To hear my tender tale;
 But all in vain, she fled away,
 Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon, thro' the wound that love had made,
 Came pity to my breast,
 And thus I, as compassion bade,
 The feather'd pair address'd:
 Ye little captives! cheerful be,
 Remember not ye flew;
 For I, who thought myself so free,
 Am far more caught than you.



The Happy Marriage.

HOW blest has my time been? what joys have I known
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own?
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.
 That freedom is tasteless, &c.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
 How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft-times am I seen,
 In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her wit and good humour blooms all the year thro':
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
 And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous Fair;
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam,
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.



Tune,---Yellow-hair'd Ladie.

THO' Fate has controul'd me, and laid me aside,
 I'll keep up my courage, to this I'll abide;
 Tho' dis'pointments have befall'n me. I never will fly,
 For contented I live, and contented I'll die.

The frowns of misfortune few men can withstand,
 Yet ships that are broken come sometimes to land;
 Then I'll keep up my spirits, no longer repine,
 What's his fate to-day, may to-morrow be mine.

Then join, all my friends, reflect upon none,
 For what's to-day past cannot be undone;
 Who knows but kind Fortune, who still hovers by,
 May ease all my cares, and triumphantly fly.



Lovely Nancy.

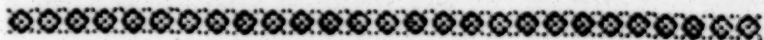
HOW can you, lovely Nancy, thus cruelly slight
 A swain, who is wretched when banish'd your sight;
 Who, for your sake alone, thinks life worth his care,
 But which soon, if you frown, must end in despair.

If you mean thus to torture, O! why did your eyes
 Once express so much softness, and sweetly surprize;
 By their lustre inflam'd, I could not believe,
 As they shed so much influence, they e'er would deceive.

But, alas ! like the pilgrim bewilder'd in night,
 Who perceives a false splendor at distance invite,
 O'erjoy'd he hastes on, pursues it, and dies :
 A like ruin attends me, if away Nancy flies.

O ! forget not the raptures you felt in my arms,
 When you call'd me, dear angel, and unvail'd all your charms,
 When you vow'd lasting love, and swore with a kiss,
 That in my fond embraces was center'd all bliss.

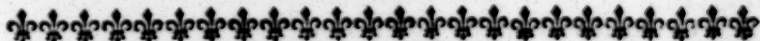
Fairest, but most obdurate, consider that woe
 Will, like sickness neglected, more desperate grow.
 That your heart may relent, I implore the kind pow'rs,
 Since I'm constant as your sex, be not fickle as ours.



S O N G.

WHEN Jessy smil'd, her lovely look
 My wand'ring heart a pris'ner took,
 And bound it with so strong a chain,
 I ne'er expect it back again.

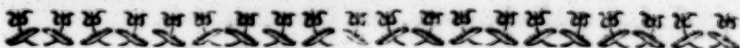
Then, Jessy, treat a captive true
 With gentle usage—'tis its due ;
 It pants for thee alone.
 Then take it kindly to thy breast,
 And give the weary wand'rer rest,
 And keep it near thy own.



The Address.

'TWIXT pleasing hope and painful fear
 True love divided lies,
 With artless look, and soul sincere,
 Above all mean disguise.
 For Celia thus my heart has mov'd,
 Accept it, lovely fair ;
 I've lik'd before, but never lov'd,
 Then let me not despair.

My fate before your feet I lay,
 Sentence your willing slave:
 Remember that tho' tyrants slay,
 Yet heav'nly powers save.
 To bless is heav'n's peculiar grace,
 Let me a blessing find:
 And since you wear an angel's face,
 O shew an angel's mind.



S O N G.

FROM sweet bewitching tricks of love,
 Young men your hearts secure,
 Lest in the paths of sense you rove,
 In dotage premature.
 Look at each lass thro' wisdom's glass,
 Nor trust the naked eye.
 Gallants, beware, look sharp, take care,
 The blind eat many a fly.

There's ne'er a spinster in the realm
 But knows mankind to cheat,
 Down to the cottage from the helm,
 The learn'd, the brave, and great:
 With lovely looks, and golden hooks,
 T' entangle us they try.
 Gallants beware, &c.

Not only on their hands and necks
 The borrow'd white you'll find,
 Some belles, when interest directs,
 Can even paint the mind:
 Joy in distress they can express,
 Their very tears can lie.
 Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
 Was earth of parchment made,
 Was every single stick a quill,
 Each man a scribe by trade,
 To write the tricks of half the sex,
 Would suck that ocean dry.
 Gallants beware, &c.

The Answer.

THO' women by proud men are scorn'd
 For being oft too kind,
 Yet all well know that men, when spurn'd,
 Are to their wills confin'd ;
 With restless pain, one smile to gain,
 All ways they gladly try :
 But, maids, beware, avoid the snare,
 All men deal cunningly.

There's not a man, who, in his heart
 Does woman truly love ;
 They but delight t' impel the dart,
 And all its pains approve.
 With looks serene they're often seen,
 They flatt'ring words apply.
 But, maids, beware, &c.

They often strive, with artful tale,
 Each fair one to deceive,
 On our good nature to prevail,
 Then laugh within their sleeve ;
 With self-conceit they think to cheat
 The heart as well as eye ;
 But, maids, beware, &c.

If, then, to rout the selfish crew,
 You'd chuse a faithful guard,
 Let Virtue rule the heart, then few
 Will lose their just reward :
 Not all the tribe her soul can bribe,
 She will all art defy.
 Then, maids, beware, &c.

Remedy for Love.

HOW easy was Colin ! how blithe and how gay !
 Ere he met the fair Chloris, how sprightly his lay !
 So graceful her form, so accomplish'd her mind,
 Sure pity, he thought, with such charms must be join'd.

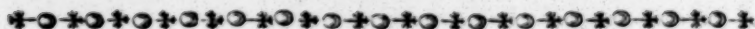
Whenever she danc'd, or whenever she sung,
How just was her motion ! how sweet was her tongue !
And when the youth told her his passionate flame,
She allow'd him to fancy her heart felt the same.

With ardour he press'd her to think him sincere,
But, alas! she redoubl'd each hope and each fear;
She would not deny, nor she would not approve,
And she neither refus'd him, nor gave him her love.

Now cheer'd by complacence, now froze by disdain,
He languish'd for freedom, but languish'd in vain,
Till Thyrsis, who pity'd so helpless a slave,
Eas'd his heart of the pain by the counsel he gave.

Forfake her, said he, and reject her a while,
If she loves you, the soon will return with a smile;
You can judge of her passion by absence alone,
And, by absence, will conquer her heart—or your own.

This advice he pursu'd; but the remedy prov'd
Too fatal, alas! to the fair one he lov'd,
Which cur'd his own passion, but left her, in vain,
To sigh for a heart she could never regain.



The Nun.

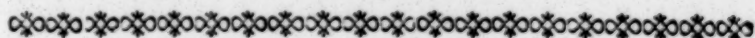
SURE a lass in her bloom, at the age of nineteen,
Was ne'er so disrest as of late I have been;
I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,
But my mother oft tells me she'll have me a Nun.

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I,
Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry;
With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
And my heart it loves frolic too well for a Nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,
Is a thousand times better to me, I declare;
I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone,
Nay, besides, I'm too handsome, I think, for a Nun.

Not to love, or be lov'd, oh ! I never can bear,
Nor yield to be sent to, I cannot tell where ;
To live, or to die, in this case, were all one,
Nay, I sooner would die, than be reckon'd a Nun.

Perhaps, but to teize me, she threatens me so ;
 I'm sure, was she me, she would gladly say, No ;
 But, if she's in earnest, I from her will run,
 And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a Nun.



The Apology.

I'M sorry, dear brethren, I'm forc'd to comply,
 To sing, to sing, you might as well bid me to fly ;
 'Tis true I've a voice, so has the town-cryer,
 If I say, mine's a better, I'm sure I'm a liar.

However, to please you, altho' I be hoarse,
 If you'll take it, like marriage, for better, for worse.
 Now you've heard—nay you've heard the best I can do,
 And I'm sure you're convinc'd what I told you was true.



Time enough yet.

A Term full as long as the siege of old Troy,
 To win a sweet girl I my time did employ ;
 Oft urg'd her the day of our marriage to set,
 As often she answer'd, 'Tis time enough yet,
 Time enough yet, 'tis time enough yet,
 As often she answer'd, 'Tis time enough yet.

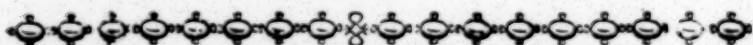
I told her, at last, that her passions were wrong,
 And more, that I scorn'd to be fool'd with so long :
 She burst out a laughing at seeing me fret,
 And humming a tune, cry'd, 'Tis time enough yet,
 Time enough yet, &c.

Determin'd by her to be laugh'd at no more,
 I flew from her presence, and bounc'd out of door,
 Resolv'd of her usage the better to get,
 Or on her my eyes again never to set,
 Never to set, &c.

To me the next morning her maid came in haste,
 And begg'd, for God's sake, I'd forget what was past,
 Declar'd her young lady did nothing but fret ;
 I told her, I'd think on't, 'twas time enough yet,
 Time enough yet, &c.

She next, in a letter as long as my arm,
 Declar'd, from her soul, she intended no harm,
 And begg'd I the day of our marriage would set;
 I wrote her answer, 'Tis time enough yet,
 Time enough yet, &c.

But that was scarce gone when a message I sent,
 To shew in my heart I began to relent:
 I begg'd I might see her; together we met;
 We kiss'd and were friends agazin, so are we yet,
 So are we yet, &c.



Tune,---*Good-night, and Joy be wi' you a'.*

HOW happy is he, whoever he be,
 That in his lifetime meets one true friend,
 Who cordially does sympathize
 In words, in action, heart, and mind:
 My kind respects do not neglect,
 Altho' my wealth or state be small:
 With a melting heart, and a mournful eye,
 I beg the Lord be wi' you all.

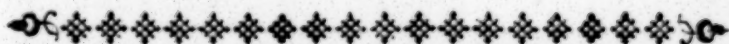
My loving friends, I kiss your hands,
 For time invites me for to move:
 On your poor servant lay commands,
 Who is ambitious of your love.
 He—whose pow'r and might, both day and night,
 Governs the depths, makes rain to fall,
 To sun and moon gives course of light,
 Direct, protect, defend you all.

I do protest, within my breast,
 Your memory I'll not neglect;
 On that record I'll lay arrest,
 Hell's fury shall not alter it.
 All I desire of earthly bliss,
 Is to be freed from guilt or thrall;
 I hope my God will grant me this:
 Good-night, and God be wi' you all.

S O N G.

HE comes ! he comes ! the hero comes !
 Sound, found your trumpets, beat, beat your drums,
 From port to port let cannons roar,
 He's welcome to the British shore :
 Welcome, welcome, &c.

Prepare, prepare, your anthems prepare,
 Loud, loudly rend the echoing air ;
 From pole to pole your joys resound,
 For virtue is with glory crown'd.
 Virtue, virtue, &c.



Damon conquer'd by Love.

WHEN first by fond Damon Flavilla was seen,
 He slightly regarded her air and her mein ;
 The charms of her mind he alone did commend,
 Not warm as a lover, but cool as a friend ;
 From friendship, not passion, his raptures did move,
 And the swain bragg'd his heart was a stranger to love.

New charms he discover'd, as more she was known,
 Her face grew a wonder, her taste was his own ;
 Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,
 And oh ! what dear virtues beam'd forth in her mind :
 But still for the sanction of friendship he strove,
 'Till a sigh gave the omen, and shew'd it was love.

Now proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the fair,
 Grows dull to all pleasure, but being with her ;
 He's mute, while his heart-strings are ready to break,
 And fear of offending forbids him to speak ;
 And wanders, a willing example, to prove,
 That friendship to woman is sister to love.

A lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give offence,
 Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense :
 His passion nor wrinkles, nor age can allay,
 Since founded on that which can never decay ;
 And Time, that will Beauty's short empire remove
 Increasing her reason, increases his love.

Something else to do.

THE sun was sleeping in the main,
Bright Cynthia silver'd all the plain,
When Colin turn'd his team to rest,
And fought the lass he lov'd the best.
As tow'rd her cote he jogg'd along,
Her name was frequent in his song;
But when his errand Dolly knew,
She vow'd she'd something else to do.

He swore he did esteem her more
Than any maid he'd seen before,
In tender sighs protesting, he
Would constant as the turtle be;
Talk'd much of death, shou'd she refuse,
And us'd such arts as lovers use:
'Tis fine, says Doll, if 'tis but true,
But now, I've something else to do.

Her pride then Colin thus address'd,
Forgive me, Doll, I did but jest;
'To her that's kind I'll constant prove;
But, trust me, I'll ne'er die for love.
Tho' first she did his courtship scorn,
Now Doll began to court in turn;
Dear Colin, I was jesting too,
Step in, I've nothing else to do.



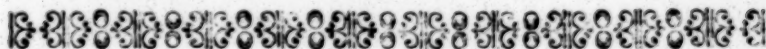
Shepherd's Complaint.

YE shepherds, who, blest in your loves,
Live strangers to sorrow and fear,
O! pity a brother, that proves
The heart-breaking pangs of despair.
What boots it my heifers and ewes
All thriving and pregnant I find?
Poor blessings, poor comforts are these,
Since Peggy is false and unkind.

Bear witness, each fountain and vale,
Bear witness, each garden and grove,
How oft she has heard my fond tale,
And smil'd on the suit of my love.

But, oh cruel change that I find,
 The gentle is now grown severe,
 More cold than the North's chilling wind,
 That blasts the young buds of the year.

Range wildly, my flocks and my herds;
 Begone from your master, poor Tray;
 My pipe shall no more wake the birds;
 I'll break it, and fling it away.
 Some desert, all barren and blake,
 Shall shield me from every eye;
 There, Peggy, I'll weep for thy sake,
 I'll weep, cruel maid, and I'll die.



Gentle Harriet.

WHEN gentle Harriet first I saw,
 Struck with a reverential awe,
 I felt my bosom mov'd;
 Her easy shape, her charming face,
 She smil'd and talk'd with so much grace,
 I gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.

Up to the busy town I flew,
 And wander'd all its pleasures thro',
 In hopes to ease my care;
 The busy town but mocks my pain,
 Its gayest pleasures all are vain,
 For Harriet haunts me there.

The labours of the learned sage,
 The comic humour of the stage,
 By turns my time employ;
 I relish not the sage's lore,
 The stage's humour please no more,
 For Harriet's all my joy.

Sometimes I try'd the jovial throng,
 Sometimes the female train among,
 To chase her form away;
 The jovial throng is noisy, rude,
 Nor other female dares intrude
 Where Harriet bears a sway.

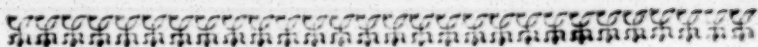
Since, then, nor art nor learning can,
Nor company of maid or man

For want of thee atone;

O come! with all thy conqu'ring charms,

O come! and take me to thy arms,

For thou art all in one.



Macpherson's Rant.

I'VE spent my time in rioting,
Debauch'd my health and strength;

I've pillag'd, plunder'd, murdered,

But now, alas! at length,

I'm brought to punishment direct,

Pale death draws near to me;

This end I never did project,

To hang upon a tree.

To hang upon a tree! a tree!

That curs'd unhappy death!

Like to a wolf to worried be,

And choaked in the breath.

My very heart would surely break,

When this I think upon,

Did not my courage singular,

Bid pensive thoughts begone.

No man on earth that draweth breath,

More courage had than I;

I dar'd my foes unto their face,

And would not from them fly;

This grandeur stout, I did keep out,

Like Hector, manfullie:

Then wonder one like me, so stout,

Should hang upon a tree.

Th' Egyptian band I did command,

With courage more by far,

Than ever did a general

His foldiers in the war.

Being fear'd by all, both great and small,

I liv'd most joyfullie:

O! curse upon this fate of mine,

To hang upon a tree.

As for my life I do not care,
 If justice would take place,
 And bring my fellow plunderers
 Unto this same disgrace.
 For Peter Brown, that notour loon,
 Escap'd, and was made free ;
 O ! curse upon this fate of mine,
 To hang upon a tree.
 Both law and justice buried are,
 And fraud and guile succeed,
 The guilty pass unpunished,
 If money interceed.
 The Laird of Grant, that Highland saint,
 His mighty majestie,
 He pleads the cause of Peter Brown,
 And lets Macpherfon die.
 The dest'ny of my life contriv'd,
 By those whom I oblig'd,
 Rewarded me much ill for good,
 And left me no refuge.
 For Braco Duff, in rage enough,
 He first laid hands on me,
 And if that death would not prevent,
 Avenged wou'd I be.
 As for my life, it is but short
 When I shall be no more ;
 To part with life I am content,
 As any heretofore.
 Therefore, good people all, take heed,
 This warning take by me,
 According to the lives you lead,
 Rewarded you will be.

 Gillicrankie.

CLAVERS, and his Highlandmen,
 Came down upo' the raw, man,
 Who being stout, gave mony a clout ;
 The lads began to claw then.
 With sword and targe into their hand,
 Wi' which they were nae slaw, man,
 Wi' mony a fearful heavy sigh,
 The lads began to claw then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er flank,
 She slang amang them a', man;
 The Butter-box got mony knocks,
 Their riggings paid for a' then.
 They got their paiks, wi' sudden straits,
 Which to their grief they saw, man;
 Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
 The lads began to fa' then.

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,
 And slang amang them a', man,
 The English blades got broken heads,
 Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
 The durk and door made their last hour,
 And prov'd their final fa', man,
 They thought the devil had been there,
 That play'd them sic a paw then.

The Solemn League and Covenant
 Came whigging up the hills, man,
 Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
 For to subscribe their bills then.
 In Willy's name they thought nae ane
 Durst stop their course at a', man,
 But hur nain fell, wi' mony a knock,
 Cry'd, Furich-Whiggs awa', man.

Sir Evan Du, and his men true,
 Came linking up the brink, man;
 The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
 They bred a horid stink then.
 The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
 Came in amang them a', man;
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
 All fled and ran awa' then.

" Oh' on a ri! Oh' on a ri!"
 Why should she lose King Shames, man?
 " Oh' rig in di! Oh' rig in di!"
 She shall break a' her banes then:
 With " furichinish," an' stay a while,
 And speak a word or twa, man,
 She's gi' a straike, out o'er the neck,
 Before ye win awa' then.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
 Her nain-fell's won the day, man.
 King Shames' red coats shou'd be hung up,
 Because they ran awa' then;
 Had bent their brows, like Highland trows,
 And made as lang a stay, man,
 They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,
 And Willie run awa' then.



Sheriff-Muir.

THERE's some say that we wan, some say that they wan,
 Some say that nane wan at a' man;
 But one thing I'm sure, that at Sheriff-muir,
 A battle there was, which I saw, man.
 And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
 And we ran, and they ran awa' man.

Brave Argyle and Belhaven, not like frightened Leven,
 Which Rothies and Haddington saw, man;
 For they all, with Wightman, advanc'd on the right, man,
 While others took flight, being raw, man.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Roxburgh was there, in order to share
 With Douglas, who stood not in awe, man,
 Volunteerly to Ramble with Lord Loudoun Campbell,
 Brave Ilay did suffer for a', man.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Sir John Schaw, that great knight, with broad-sword most
 bright,
 On horseback he briskly did charge, man,
 An hero that's bold, none could him with-hold,
 He stoutly encounter'd the targemen.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For the cowardly Whittam, for fear they should cut him,
 Seeing glittering broad-swords with a pa', man,
 And that in such thrang made Baird edicang,
 And from the brave clans ran awa', man.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave Mar and Panmure were firm, I am sure,
 The latter was kidnapt awa', man,
 With brisk men about, brave Harry retook
 His brother, and laught at them a', man.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave Marshal and Lithgow, and Glengary's pith too,
 Assisted by brave Loggia-man,
 And Gordons, the bright, so boldly did fight,
 The red coats took flight, and awa', man.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Strathmore and Clanronald cry'd still advance Donald,
 Till both of these heroes did fa', man;
 For there was such hashing, and broad swords a clashing,
 Brave Forfar himself got a cla', man.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Perth stood the storm, Seaforth but lukewarm,
 Kilsyth and Strathallan not fla', man;
 And Hamilton pled, the men were not bred,
 For he had no fancy to fa', man.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave generous Southesk, Tilebairn was brisk,
 Whose father indeed would not dra', man,
 Into the same yoke, which serv'd for a cloke,
 To keep th' estate 'twixt them twa, man.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Rollo not fear'd, Kintore and his beard,
 Pitligo and Ogilvie a', man,
 And brothers Balfours, they stood the first show'rs,
 Clackmannan and Burleigh did cla', man.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

But Cleppan acted pretty, and Strowan the witty,
 A poet that pleases us a', man;
 For mine is but rhyme, in respect of what's fine,
 Or what he is able to dra', man.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For Huntly and Sinclair they both plaid the tinkler,
 With consciences black like a cra', man.
 Some Angus and Fifemen, they ran for their life, man,
 And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then Laurie the traitor, who betray'd his master,
His king and his country and a', man,
Pretending Mar might give order to fight,
To the right of the army awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then Laurie for fear, of what he might hear,
Took Drummond's best horse and awa', man,
Instead of going to Perth, he crossed the Firth,
Alongst Stirling-bridge and awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

To London he press'd, and there he address'd,
That he behav'd best of them a', man;
And there, without strife, got settled for life,
An hundred a-year to his fa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

In Borrowstounness he resides with disgrace,
Till his neck stand in need of a dra', man,
And then, in a tether, he'll swing from a ladder,
Go off the stage with a pa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Rob Roy stood watch on a hill, for to catch
The booty, for ought that I sa', man,
For he ne'er advanc'd, from the place he was stanc'd.
Till no more to do there at a', man.
For we ran, and they ran, &c.

So we all took the flight, and Moubray the wright,
But Lethem the smith was a bra' man,
For he took the gout, which truly was wit,
By judging it time to withdra', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

And Trumpet Marine, whose breeks were not clean,
Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa', man,
By saving his neck his trumpet did break,
Came off without music at a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So there such a race was, as ne'er in that place was,
And as little chace was at a', man;
From other they ran without took of drum,
They did not make use of a pa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Tranent-Muir.

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,
Did march up Birsle brae, man,
And thro' Tranent, e'er he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man:
While General Cope did taunt and mock,
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man;
But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
We heard another crow, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in clouds, man:
The morning fair, and clear the air,
They loos'd with dev'lish thuds, man:
Down guns they threw, and swords they drew
And soon did chace them aff, man:
On Seaton-crafts they buft their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,
They'd make the rebels run, man:
And yet they flee when them they see,
And winna fire a gun, man:
They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
Such terror seiz'd them a', man;
Some wet their checks, some fil'd their breeks,
And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were crouse, man;
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn't,
They were not worth a louse, man;
Maist feck gade hame; O sy for shame!
They'd better staid awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man.

Monteith the great, when herfell shrit,
Un'wares did ding him o'er, man;
Yet wad nae stand to bear a hand,
But aff fou fast did scour, man:
O'er soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
Before he tasted meat, man:
Troth he may brag of his swift nag,
That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

And Seaton keen to clear the e'en
 Of rebels far in wrang, man ;
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,
 But gallop'd with the thrang, man :
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack
 Was cleanly out of fight, man ;
 And thought it best ; it was nae jest
 Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mongst a' the gang nane bade the bang
 But twa, and ane was tane, man ;
 For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
 And fair he paid the kain, man :
 Fell skelps he got, was war than shot,
 Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man ;
 Frae many a spout came running out
 His reeking het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave
 Like to a hero bright, man ;
 His courage true, like him were few
 That still despised flight, man ;
 For king and laws, and country's cause,
 In honour's bed he lay, man ;
 His life, but not his courage, fled,
 While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
 Was brought down to the ground, man ;
 His horse being shot, it was his lot
 For to get many a wound, man ;
 Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
 Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
 Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
 And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spur'd his beast,
 'Twas little there he saw, man :
 To Berwick rade, and falsely said,
 The Scots were rebels a', man ;
 But let that end, for well 'tis kend
 His use and won't to lie, man ;
 The Teague is naught, he never faught,
 When he had room to flee, man.

Far aff to distant realms he gangs,
 Yet I'll be true as he has been;
 And when ilk lass about him thrangs,
 He'll think on Annie, his faithful ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
 Wi' gou'd in hand he tempted me;
 He prais'd my lrow, my rolling e'en,
 And made a brag of what he'd gie.
 What tho' my Jocky's far awa',
 Toft up and down the ansome main,
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipe away,
 My Jocky wad be troubled fair,
 To see his friend his love betray;
 For a' your songs and verse are vain,
 While Jocky's notes do faithful flow,
 My heart to him shall true remain,
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Bla' fast, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and still;
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill:
 What tho' my Jocky's far away,
 Yet he will bra' in filler shine:
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may again be mine.



Highland March.

IN the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
 From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
 Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.
 Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
 'That, like our old ancestors, we stand by Freedom's cause;
 We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and
 applause,
 And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws

M

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
 No luxurious tables enervate our race;
 Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
 So do we the old Scottish valour retain.
 Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
 Are swift as the roe which the hind doth assail:
 As the full-moon in Autumn our shields do appear,
 Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.
 Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
 So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.
 Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape-Breton, the pride of old France,
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,
 Their courage did fail, and they su'd for a truce.
 Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
 May our counsels be wise, and our commerce increase;
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
 That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove
 kind.

Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
 And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedom's cause,
 That they like our ancestors bold, for honour and applause,
 May defy the French and Spaniards to alter our laws.



De'il take the Wars.

DE'IL take the wars that hurried Billy from me,
 Who to love me just had sworn;
 They made him captain sure to undo me;
 Woe's me! he'll ne'er return.
 A thousand loons abroad will fight him,
 He from thousands ne'er will run:
 Day and night I did invite him,
 To stay at home from sword and gun.

I us'd alluring graces,
 With muckle kind embraces,
 Now sighing, then crying, tears dropping fall;
 And had he my soft arms
 Preferr'd to war's alarms,
 By love grown mad, without the man of God,
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd, and patch'd, to make me look provoking;
 Snares that they told me would catch the men,
 And on my head a huge commode sat poking,
 Which made me shew as tall again;
 For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
 Which with golden flow'rs did shine;
 My love well might think me gay and bonny,
 No Scots lass was e'er so fine.

My petticoat I spotted,
 Fringe too with thread I knotted,
 Lace-shoes and silk hose, garter full over kneec;
 But, oh! the fatal thought,
 To Billy these are nought;
 Who rode to towns, and rissled with dragoons,
 When he, silly loon, might have plunder'd me.

Jamie gay.

AS Jamie gay gang'd blyth his way
 Along the river Tweed,
 A bonny lass, as e'er was seen,
 Came tripping o'er the meed.
 The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
 The buxom nymph survey'd,
 And full of glee, as lad could be,
 Bespoke the pretty maid.

Dear lassie tell, why by thine fell
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here.
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide,
 Canst tell me, Laddie, where?
 To town I hy, he made reply,
 Some meikle sport to see;
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
 I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She gave her hand, nor made a stand,
 But lik'd the youth's intent;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale
 Right merrily they went.
 The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
 And flowers bloom'd all around;
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
 The zenith of his power,
 When to a shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour.
 The bonny lad row'd in his plaid
 The lass, who scorn'd to frown;
 She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
 And he to gang to town.



My Heart's my ain.

'TIS nae very lang finfyne,
 That I had a lad o' my ain,
 But now he's awa to anither,
 And left me a' my lain.
 The lass he's courting has filler,
 And I hae nane at a':
 And it's nought but the love of the tocher
 That's tane my lad awa'.

But I'm blyth, that my heart's my ain,
 And I'll keep it a' my life,
 Until that I meet wi' a lad
 Who has sense to wale a good wife.
 For though I say't myself,
 That shou'd na say't, 'tis true,
 The lad that gets me for a wife,
 He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
 As a' the neighbours can tell,
 Tho' I've feldom a gown on my back,
 But sic as I spin mysell.

And when I'm clad in my curtsy,
 I think mysell as braw
 As Sufie, wi' a' her pearling,
 That's tane my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckl'd together,
 And may they live happy for life;
 Tho' Willy does slight me, and's left me,
 The chield he deserves a good wife.
 But, O! I'm blyth that I've miss'd him,
 As blyth as I weel can be;
 For ane that's sae keen o' the filler
 Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But, as the truth is, I'm hearty.
 I hate to be scrimpit and scant;
 The wie thing I hae I'll make use o't,
 And nae ane about me shall want.
 For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
 I ken when to had and to gi'e;
 For whinging and cringing for filler
 Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
 An' he wha has that has enough;
 The master is seldom sae happy
 As Robin that drives the plough.
 But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
 To make me his partner for life,
 If the chield has the sense to be happy,
 He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.



The Gee.

A Friend of mine came here yestreen,
 And he wou'd hae me down
 To drink a bottle of ale wi' him
 In the nieft borrows-town.
 But, O! indeed it was, Sir,
 Sae far the war for me,
 For lang or e'er that I came hame,
 My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat fae late, and drank fae stout,
 'The truth I tell to you,
 That lang or e'er midnight came,
 We were a' roaring fou.
 My wife sits at the fire side,
 And the tear blinds ay her e'e,
 The ne'er a bed will she ga'e to,
 But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon, when I came down,
 The ne'er a word she spake;
 But mony a sad and sour look,
 And ay her head she'd shake.
 My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee
 'To look fae sour on me?
 I'll never do the like again,
 If you'll ne'er tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she sang
 Her arms about my neck;
 And twenty kisses in a crack,
 And, poor wee thing, she grat.
 If you'll ne'er do the like again,
 But bide at hame wi' me,
 I'll lay my life I'll be the wife
 'That's never tak the gee.



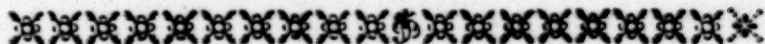
Chloe's Kisses.

DEAR Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter no girl ever gave;
 But why, in the midst of my blisses,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have?
 I am not to be stinted in pleasure,
 Then prithee, dear Chloe, be kind!
 For since I love thee beyond measure,
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields,
 Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields:

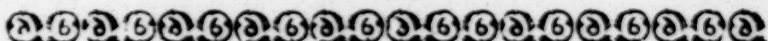
Count how many stars are in heaven,
Go number the sands on the shore,
And when so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine ;
In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
And twist round thy neck like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is !
My life on thy lips shall be spent :
But the wretch, who can number his kisses,
Will always with few be content.



Chloe's Wish.

THO' ladies look gay, when of beauty they boast,
And misers are envy'd when wealth is increas'd,
The vapours oft kill all the joys of a toast,
And the miser's a wretch when he pays for the feast.
The pride and the care
Of the rich and the fair,
May pity bespeak, but envy cannot move :
My thoughts are no farther aspiring,
No more my fond heart is desiring,
Than freedom, content, and the man that I love.



The Admonition.

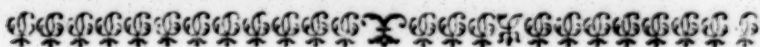
TO you that are lovers these lines I address,
Attend to my song, wou'd you woo with success ;
Nor you, ye bright females, my boldness despise,
Since all must be bold to approach your bright eyes.

First mark well her humour, if serious or gay,
If she's mostly inclin'd to her dress, or to play ;
Indulge her in each, for from this you will find,
She'll approve your addressee, and sooner be kind.

If fond of her beauty, her passion is praise,
By some gentle sonnet your merit you'll raise ;
There sing of her lips, her bright eyes, and her hair,
And tell her not Venus with her can compare.

Shou'd some rival toast her dread envy provoke.
 Rail with her—then laugh in your sleeve at the joke;
 If she's partial, to please her and flatter her pride,
 (Tho' 'gainst your own conscience)—be still on her side.

These rules, if observ'd, will your passion befriend,
 For all female sense is but pride in the end;
 And tis is the text, what they like or despise,
 The same you must censure, the same seem to prize.



Favourite SONG.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride,
 I always have boasted, and seek not to hide;
 I dwell on her praises where-ever I go:
 They say, I'm in love, but I answer, No, no.

At ev'ning, oft-times, with what pleasure I see
 A note from her hand—I'll be with you at tea!
 My heart how it bounds when I hear her below,
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no.

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain,
 Again I cry Jenny, sweet Jenny again;
 I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I would grow,
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no.

She tells me her faults, as she sits on my knee,
 I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me;
 My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so:
 Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no.

From beauty, and wit, and good-humour, how I,
 Shou'd prudence advise, and compel me to fly;
 Thy bounty, O Fortune! make haste to bestow,
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say No.



S O N G.

HARK, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the vale,
 Whose notes do so sportingly dance on the gale,
 To charm us to barter, for ignoble rest,
 The joys which true pleasure can raise in the breast:

The morning is fair, and in labour with day,
And the cry of the huntsman is, Hark, hark, away :
Then wherefore defer we, one moment, our joys ?
Haste, haste, let's away,—so to horse, my brave boys.

What pleasure can equal the joys of the chase,
Where meaner delights to more noble give place ?
While onward we press, and each sorrow defy,
From valley to valley re-echoes the cry :
Our joys are all sterling, no sorrow we fear,
We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on old care ;
Forgetful of labour we leap o'er the mounds,
Led on by the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

* * * * *

The Joke. Tune :---*Masks all.*

YE well chose Choice Spirits who blazon this throng,
Offended be not at this joke of a song ;
No party, profession, nor sex I provoke,
No satire I sing, for I sing but in joke.
Sing tantarara joke all.

Let stoics pretend to set jests at defiance,
Let schoolmen pedantical preach up for science,
Let self-thinking wise ones a sapience call,
What's all that they know ? why a joke's worth it all.

That life's like a song, preach the sages of old ;
Poets make it a tale, by a poor idiot told ;
Gay calls it a jest ; but 'tis proper each man
Of this song, tale, or joke, to make all that he can.

The lady observe, when the lover grows pressing,
How faint she forbids his attempts at possessing ;
With a frown, by love soften'd, she cries, 'tis provoking,
O dear sir, be quiet ; yet she is but joking.

When the tithe-taking priest would a bishopric chuse,
The first time 'tis offer'd, in jest he'll refuse ;
He gravely cries, No :—but tho' gravely he spoke,
When you see him a bishop, you see 'twas a joke.

When the bait of electors, in English a bribe,
Is offer'd, or thrust on the vote-selling tribe,
'They cry, O dear God!—Why, my lord!—Nay, I've sworn!
Yet they pocket the pelf, and are mad 'twas no more.

Tho' the wife may admit, in her dull husband's room,
The white-stockings footman, or stable-bred groom,
She don't think that her vow at the altar is broke,
For she meant, by her marriage, no more than a joke.

We are all made a joke of, by one or another,
This drolls on his father, and that on his brother;
By ev'ry day's practice our wits have confess'd
That they sooner would forfeit their friend than their jest.

The joke thus goes on from our cradle to coffin,
The time fill'd between is fit only for laughing;
The last joke I mention, I'm sure you'll attest,
For you all must allow that my singing's a jest.



S O N G.

HOW little do the landmen know
Of what we sailors feel,
When waves do mount, and winds do blow!
But we have hearts of steel.
No danger can affright us,
No enemy shall flout;
We'll make the Monseurs right us,
So tofs the can about.

Stick close to orders, messmates,
We'll plunder, burn, and sink;
Then France have at your first-rates,
For Britons never shrink.
We'll rumage all we fancy,
We'll bring them in by scores,
And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
Shall roll in louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying,
With our noble commodore,
We'll spend our wages freely, boys,
And then to sea for more.
In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,
In war we'll never fly:
Here's a health to George our king, boys,
And the royal family.

Fair Sufanna.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,
That scents the ambient air;
Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
If dear Sufanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
And warble thro' the grove?
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
Let pride in splendor shine;
Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
Be fair Sufanna mine.



The Dust-Cart. A favourite CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

As tinkering Tom the streets his trade did cry,
He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by;
In dust-cart, high advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waist:
Tom, with up-lifted hands, th' occasion blest,
And thus in soothing strains the maid address'd.

A I R.

Oh Sylvia! while you drive your carts,
To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
You take our dust, and steal our hearts.

That mine is gone, alas! is true,
And dwells among the dust with you,
And dwells among the dust with you.

Oh lovely Sylvia, ease my pain!
Give me the heart you stole again,
Give me my heart out of your cart,
Give me my heart you stole again.

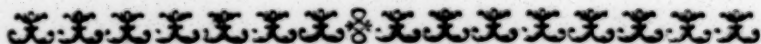
RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about;

She heav'd her swelling breast as black as sloe,
 And look'd disdain on little folks below :
 To Tom she nodded, as the cart drove on,
 And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, Stop, John.

A I R.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
 Be by a paultry crowd oppress'd ?
 Ambition now my soul does fire,
 The youths shall languish and admire ;
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride, long to ride,
 Long to ride in my dust cart.
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.



Copy of a Summons sent to the Choice Spirits.

Written by S. DERRICK, Esq; Master of the Ceremonies
 at Bath.

TO the sons of true humour, this billet's address'd,
 By Mirth's jolly friends, and the Patrons of Taste :
 At the Angel in Chelsea their meeting they hold,
 Where the viands are good, and the liquors are old ;
 And Comus, (on this you as truth may depend)
 Has to * Shipman declar'd, he'll be always his friend.

How delightful the prospect of yon wealthy plain,
 Where the sun from the southward impregnates the grain !
 While his beam with the breeze lightly sports o'er the billows,
 And the margin's embrown'd with a shade from the willows,
 While pompously trimm'd the barge slides smooth along,
 And the tide on the beech tunes the rower's rough song.

If wit, and good sense, and good humour you chuse,
 This kind invitation you will not refuse ;
 But give your three shillings to pay for libation,
 And at two you'll be welcome to share our collation,
 Upon the day of ———

* The master of the tavern.

Sung by the Choice Spirits.

WHEN Bacchus, the Patron of Love, Wit, and Mirth,
 With vineyards had planted the face of the earth,
 Tho' nations turn'd rebels, and broke from his sway,
 Some, drunk with his bounty, resolv'd to obey.

Derry down, &c.

He harnas'd his tygers, he marshall'd his force,
 Silenus was sutler, Lord Pan led the horse;
 The Ganges they pass'd, came in sight of the foe,
 And struck them all dead, without striking a blow.

'Twas Pan did the feat, put their troops in a fright,
 For he slyly stole into their camp over night;
 And while they lay sleeping, not dreaming such matter,
 He drew off their wine, fill'd their flasks up with water.

Next morn when they 'woke, and their bottles pull'd out,
 The first gulp they took put them all to the rout:
 They trembled from monarch to the meanest mechanic,
 From whence comes the phrase, to put men in a panic.

Ye heroes of Europe, whose martial parade
 Attracts the soft sense of each dress-tempted maid,
 Well judge of this scheme, and impartial declare,
 Cou'd you with mere water march fearless to war?

The buck of the Greeks, Alexander by name,
 As much by his drinking as fighting got fame;
 He was sure of the victory, lads, you must think,
 Who drank but to conquer, and conquer to drink.

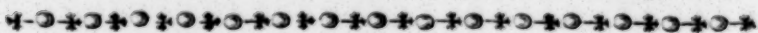
By foul pale-fac'd villains, who only drank water,
 Great Cesar was dragg'd to the senate house slaughter:
 Had they drank what they ought, they'd have dropt their
 design.

And no more spilt his blood, than we bucks spill our wine.

'Tis by maxims more noble we nourish our youth,
 Kept constant to claret, we're constant to truth;
 On the virtues of wine we may safely depend.
 He, who sticks to his bottle, will stick to his friend.

'Tis wine, like the sun, that invigorates our hours,
 Wine blooms our complexions, as Sol blooms the flow'rs,
 And as birds grateful sing, when he spreads his bright rays;
 So we bucks, in full chorus, chaunt bright claret's praise.

Mark each rose, when the sun's from the horizon fled,
Shuts his leaves, dewy weeps, and hangs heavy his head;
When his wine's gone, each buck thus as sad will become,
Folds his arms, gives a sigh, hides his head, and skulks home.



The Choice Spirit's Lottery.

YE national schemers a while give me leave,
A scheme I'll advance that shall no one deceive ;
No humbug I mean, set on foot by the great,
Tho' a lottery's my scheme—it is not of state.

No — your tickets divide into shares,
To plunder your pockets, and heighten your cares ;
No blanks to depress you come in my delign,
The wheel is good humour, the prize is—good wine.

From a scheme such as this, what delight must accrue,
To a people who always give Bacchus his due.
Choice God of the grape, by thy virtues inspir'd,
The cause I'll relate you, so justly admir'd.

'Tis wine gives that freedom we always maintain,
The slave fill'd with claret despises his chain :
'Tis wine gives us wit, and ennobles our sense,
And aids Fancy's flight as new spirits commence.

The hero aspires to conquest and arms,
The lover despises his mistress's charms;
The preacher delivers his precepts so fine,
Replete with the pow'r-giving juice of the vine.

Then our lott'ry attend, all who love frisk and fun,
You are sure of a prize, for no more than a crown;
Apollo and Bacchus here jointly agree,
To take off the hip, and renew you with glee.

Let the vot'ry of Plutus, who values his peif.
To be happy for once—steal a crown from himfelf;
Ye fons of the turf, leave your tricking and lies,
The whole courfe is a blank—here you're fure of a prize.

Ye lovers, ye fops, or whoever may please,
Leave your sighing and care, here you'll quickly find ease;
Old and young, great and little, attend to my call,
This ev'ning we draw, Sir, at Comus's ball.

Happy Dick Dawson.

COME here, we're all jovial and hearty,
 As hearty as hearty can be ;
 No sorrow or care to perplex us,
 From trouble we ever are free.
 Give me the gay fellow in life,
 Who seldom a dull thought has known,
 That would rather kiss any man's wife,
 By the one half, than he'd his own.
 Then fill up the glasses, dear boys,
 And make the best use of your time ;
 For, believe me, there's nothing surpasses
 The joys of dear women and wine.

Since life is at best but a span,
 'Tis as good to be merry as not,
 We'll happily live while we can,
 For sorrow brings nothing but thought.
 We'll rattle away with the fasses,
 And crack a gay flask with our friends ;
 So thus our time merrily passes,
 In taking the world as God sends.
 Then fill up, &c.

Damn money ! 'tis nothing but trash,
 We'll be merry tho' ever so poor ;
 When we have it, we cut a great dash,
 When it's gone, we ne'er think of it more :
 So let me be wealthy or not,
 My spirits are always the same,
 Quite free of ev'ry dull thought,
 And happy Dick Dawson's my name.
 Then fill up, &c.



WOMAN. A Ballad.

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare
 The merits of wine with the charms of the fair ;
 I appeal to the men to determine between
 A tun-belly'd Bacchus, and Beauty's fair Queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign,
 For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in wine:
 Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile,
 'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,
 And the more I behold her, the more I admire!
 But the charms of her temper and mind I adore:
 These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no more.

How happy our days when with love we engage!
 'Tis the transport of youth! 'tis the comfort of age!
 But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl?
 Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul!

A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
 "The longer I drink, the more thirstily am I."
 From this fair confession, 'tis plain, my good friend,
 You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big-belly'd bottle may ravish your eye,
 But how foolish you look when your bottle is dry!
 From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasures must spring;
 Nay, the Stoics must own it—she is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford;
 For a time it will make one as great as a lord:
 But woman, for ever, gives transport to man,
 And I'll love the dear sex—aye, as long as I can.



Address to the Ladies. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

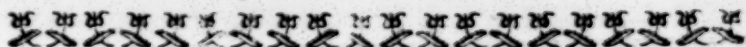
YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
 Who trip in this frolicsome round,
 Pray tell me from whence this indecency springs,
 The sexes at once to confound?
 What means the cock'd-hat, and the masculine air,
 With each motion design'd to perplex?
 Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
 And softness the test of your sex—dear girls,
 And softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
 May call ev'ry art to her aid;
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
 Are samples she gives of her trade:

But you, on whom fortune indulgently smiles,
 And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,
 Shou'd sily attack us with coyness and wiles,
 Not with open and insolent air,—brave girls, &c.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
 Shrinks modestly back from the view,
 And kindly should seem, by the artist design'd,
 To serve as a model for you.
 Then learn, with her beauties, to copy her air ;
 Nor venture too much to reveal:
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
 And double each charm you conceal—sweet girls, &c.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
 Are charms which no art can procure ;
 Oh ! be but yourselves, and our homage we'll pay,
 And your empire is solid and sure:
 But if, Amozen-like, you attack your gallants,
 And put us in fear of our lives,
 You may do very well for sisters and aunts ;
 But, believe me, you'll never be wives—poor girls,
 But believe me, you'll never be wives.



Tune ;---*Farewel to Lochaber.*

THE sportsman may boast of his well-scented hound ;
 Each day let the coxcomb in dawdling confound ;
 The statesman may vaunt of political schemes ;
 Let poets be fool'd by their fancy-form'd dreams :
 Let night-wasting learned their volumes unfold,
 Give the toper his bottle, the miser his gold ;
 'Gainst learning, wealth, drinking, wit, state, I protest,
 'Tis woman, dear woman, she's worth all the rest.

Tho' birds, in shrill symphonies, sing o'er our heads,
 And Flora's gay paintings enamel the meads ;
 Tho' the fruits are so pleasant, so thick grow the trees,
 So warm shines the sun, and so cool breathes each breeze ;
 The odour of spices, the pure chrystal stream,
 Each nice gift of Nature I nobly esteem !
 Yet birds, fruits, spice, flowers, can ne'er stand the test
 With woman, dear woman, she's worth all the rest.

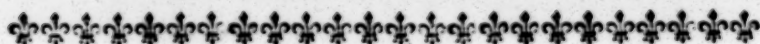
In sickness, in prison, in want, in despair,
 What woe can we feel, if fond woman is there?
 'The nostrum of Nature, the med'cine of Life,
 In ev'ry affliction, the cure is a WIFE.
 But think not, ye Fair, that these praises are paid
 'To the miser like virgin, the green-sickness maid;
 'Tho' so delicate shap'd, yet imperfect's your plan,
 And you useless exist, till you're finish'd by MAN.



S O N G.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, 'till Comus receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can give;
 The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine wit and beauty are vain,
 Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain;
 The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave:
 Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back what ye gave.



S O N G.

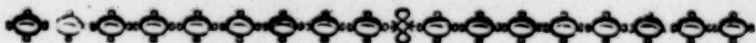
GAY Damon long study'd my heart to obtain,
 The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on the plain;
 I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,
 And I'd often say No, when I long'd to say Yes.

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
 And brought me two lambkins to witness his flame;
 Oh! take these, he cry'd, thou more fair than their fleece:
 I could hardly say No, tho' aham'd to say Yes.

Soon after, one morning, we sat in the grove,
 He press'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath'd his love;
 Then tenderly ask'd, if I'd grant him a kiss?
 I design'd to say No, but mistook and said Yes.

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his breast,
 Ye gods, he cry'd, Chloe will now make me blest:
 Come, let's to the church, and share conjugal bliss:
 To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to say Yes.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life ;
 I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife :
 Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in this,
 You must all die old maids, if you will not say Yes.



The Non-Pareille. *Set by Dr. Boyce.*

THE nymph that I lov'd was as chearful as day,
 And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in May ;
 Her temper was smooth, as the down on the dove,
 And her face was as fair as the mother of love.
 Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds,
 And receives gentle odours from flow'ry beds,
 Yet warm in affection as Phebus at noon,
 And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unfully'd, as new-fall'n snow,
 And as lively as tints from young Iris his bow :
 As clear as the streams, and as deep as the flood ;
 She, tho' witty was wise, and tho' beautiful, good.
 The sweets, that each Virtue or Grace had in store,
 She cull'd, as the bee does the bloom of each flower,
 Which treasur'd for me, Oh ! how happy was I !
 For, tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy !



The Men will Romance.

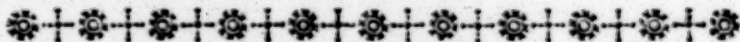
WHEN I enter'd my teens, and threw playthings aside,
 I conceiv'd myself woman, and fit for a bride :
 By the men I was flatter'd, my pride to enhance,
 For the maids will believe, and the men will romance.
 They swore that my eyes the bright di'mond excell'd,
 Such a face, and such tresses, sure ne'er were beheld !
 That to gaze on my neck was all rapture and trance !
 Oh ! the maids, &c.

Young Polydore saw me one night at the ball,
 And swore, to my charms he a conquest must fall ;
 On his knees he intreated my hand for a dance !
 Ah ! the maids, &c.

He conducted me home, when the pastime was o'er,
 And declar'd he ne'er saw so much beauty before;
 He ogled and sigh'd, as he saw me advance:
 Ah! the maids, &c.

Then day after day I his company had:
 At length he declar'd all his flame to my dad.
 But my father lov'd money, and would not advance,
 And reply'd to my lover, Young men will romance.

But tho' my Papa would not give us a shilling,
 My Polydore swore he to wed me was willing:
 So to church we both went, and at night had a dance,
 And, believe me, my Polydore did not romance.



The Spinning Wheel.

YOUNG Colin, fishing near the mill,
 Saw Sally underneath the hill,
 Whose heart love's tender pow'r could feel,
 Whose heart love's tender pow'r could feel.
 The mill was stopp'd, no miller there;
 She smil'd to see the youth appear,
 She smil'd to see the youth appear,
 But turn'd about her spinning-wheel,
 But turn'd about her spinning-wheel.

Thy cheeks, says he, like peaches bloom,
 Thy breath is like the spring's perfume;
 On thy sweet lips my love I'll seal.
 Yon stately swans, so white and sleek,
 Are like to Sally's breast and neck:
 But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Tho', fair one, beauty's transient pow'r
 Fades like the new-blown gaudy flow'r,
 Not so where Virtue loves to dwell:
 For where sweet modesty appears,
 We never see the vale of years.
 She smil'd, and stopp'd her spinning-wheel.

The pomp of state, the pride of wealth,
 Says she, I scorn for peace and health,
 Where honest labour earns her meal:

Then what the nymph answer'd to this, is not said:
 The very next morn, to be sure, they were wed:
 Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down.
 Now when shall we see such a wedding in town?

S U M M E R.

WHEN daisies py'd, and violets blue,
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
 And lady-smocks, all silver white,
 Do paint the meadows with delight;
 The cuckoo, then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo! cuckoo! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear.
 When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are plowmen's clocks:
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks:
 The cuckoo, then, &c.

W I N T E R.

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail:
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then mighty sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit-tu-whoo, a merry merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
 When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw:
 Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 And nightly sings, &c.

The Jovial Huntsmen.

AWAY to the field, see the morning looks grey,
 And, sweetly bedappled, forbodes a fine day:
 The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
 And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

Then hark, in the morn, to the call of the horn,
 And join with the jovial crew,
 While the season invites, with ail its delights,
 The health giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight, when Aurora first dawns,
 To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns,
 To welcome the sun now returning from rest,
 Their mattins they chant as they merrily quest.
 Then hark, &c.

But oh! how each bosom with transport it fills,
 To start, just as Phebus peeps over the hills;
 While joyous, from valley to valley resounds
 The shouts of the hunters, and cry of the hounds.
 Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,
 Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate;
 Borne by their bold courfers, no dangers they fear,
 And give to the winds all vexation and care.
 Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,
 And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down:
 Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth;
 Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.
 Then hark, &c.



The Huntsman's Call.

DO you hear, brother sportsman, the sound of the horn,
 And yet the sweet pleasure decline;
 For shame, rouse your senses, and ere it is morn,
 With me the sweet melody join.

Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally,
 Nor quit him, till panting he lies;
 While hounds, in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,
 And chace the swift hare till she dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields,
 Both willing and joyous repair;
 No pastime in life greater happiness yields,
 Than chafing the fox or the hare.

For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman attend,
 No pleasure like hunting is found,
 For when it is o'er, as brisk as before,
 Next morning we spurn up the ground.



S O N G.

HOW glorious their virtue, who nobly contrive
 The means to keep freedom and friendship alive;
 Who, firmly united, in harmony sing,
 Whose hearts are true blue to their country and king!
Chor. All Masons are such! hear the trumpet of Fame!
 Our Order is happy, and glorious the name.

Let poor thoughtless wretches repair to a club,
 Get liquor, get drunk, and perhaps get a drub;
 We ne'er let such fools our society join,
 For love and good-will crown each glass of our wine.
 You ne'er hear one Mason another defame!
 Our Order is happy, &c.

The rules we adhere to are loyal and right,
 A Mason's a patriot, to speak or to fight.
 How blest were Great Britain, to combat her foes,
 If all knew as much as a Free Mason knows?
 To all social virtue we justly lay claim!
 Our Order is happy, &c.

The Ladies confess, with a fatisfy'd air,
 That none like a Mason is form'd for the fair:
 A whisper, a look, and some moment's chit-chat,
 Soon brings on agreement, and love, and all that.
 Each beauty's convinc'd that sincere is our flame,
 Our order is happy, &c.

Old Time our society's worth shall enrol,
 And Masons be honour'd from pole unto pole:
 Now raise up your voices, and chearfully sing,
 Success to all Masons, and God save the King.
 As spotless as snow is our story in fame:
 Our Order is happy, and glorious the name!

Sweet Willy O.

THE pride of all Nature was sweet Willy O,
 The pride of all Nature was sweet Willy O;
 The first of all swains,
 He gladen'd the plains;
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.
 He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,
 He melted each maid,
 So skilful he play'd,
 No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.
 All Nature obey'd him, the sweet Willy O:
 Where-ever he came,
 Whate'er had a name,
 Whenever he sung, follow'd sweet Willy O.
 He would be a foldier, the sweet Willy O:
 When arm'd in the field,
 With sword and with shield,
 The laurel was won by sweet Willy O.
 He charm'd them, when living, the sweet Willy O;
 And when Willy dy'd,
 'Twass Nature that sigh'd,
 To part with her All in her sweet Willy O.

Same Tune.

THE Queen of all Nature is sweet Jenny O!
 In earth, sea, or air,
 There's nought can compare,
 With the ravishing charms of the sweet Jenny O.
 The villagers tell of the sweet Jenny O,
 That Phebus on high,
 Uncertain'd the sky,
 And gazed with rapture on sweet Jenny O.
 The care of Zephyr is sweet Jenny O;
 He rangeth each plain,
 In Flora's domain,
 .And wafts ev'ry odour to sweet Jenny O.
 O

No maid ever sung like the sweet Jenny O !
 So melting the sound,
 That birds gather round,
 And watch ev'ry trill of the sweet Jenny O.

Where-ever the flocks meet the sweet Jenny O,
All Nature looks gay,
They gamble and play,
And bleat their delight in the sweet Jenny O.

To other day in the shade slept the sweet Jenny O;
 A bee, that buzz'd round,
 I'd have pat to the ground,
 But fear of disturbing the sweet Jenny O.

Ye Gods! smile propitious on sweet Jenny O!
No object I prize,
'Twixt earth and the skies,
As the dear little heart of my sweet Jenny O.



Sung in Shakespeare's Jubilee.

YE Warwickshire lads, and ye lasses,
See what at our Jubilee passes;
Come revel away, rejoice, and be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad,
Warwickshire lad, all be glad,
For the lad of all lads, &c.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
Where Nature has lavish'd her bounty,
Where much she has given, and some to be spar'd,
For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard,
Warwickshire bard, never pair'd, &c.

Each shire has its different pleasures,
Each shire has its different treasures ;
But to rare Warwickshire all must submit,
For the wit of all wits was a Warwickshire wit,
Warwickshire wit, how he writ ! &c.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
And half a score more we take pride in :
Of famous Will Congreve we boast too the skill,
But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickshire Will,
Warwickshire Will, matchless still ! &c.

Our Shakespeare compar'd is to no man,
 Nor Frenchman nor Grecian, nor Roman,
 Their swan are all geese to the Avon's sweet swan,
 And the man of all men was a Warwickshire man,
 Warwickshire man, Avon's swan, &c.

As ven'son is very inviting,
 To steal it our bard took delight in :
 To make his friends merry he never was lag,
 And the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag,
 Warwickshire wag, ever brag, &c.

There never was seen such a creature,
 Of all she was worth he rob'd Nature :
 He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
 And the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief,
 Warwickshire thief, he's the chief,
 For the thief, &c.



Shakespeare's Mulberry-Tree.

Sung by D. GARRICK, Esq; with a Cup in his Hand
 made of the Tree.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree
 Which, O my sweet Shakespeare, was planted by thee
 As a relic I kiss it, and bow at the shrine,
 What comes from thy hand must be ever divine !

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree !

Bend to thee,

Blest mulberry !

Matchless was he who planted thee ;
 And thou, like him, immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
 Who spread round their branches, whose heads sweep the
 sky ;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
 To root out the natives, at prices so dear :

All shall yield, &c.

The Oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
 Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast :
 But of fir we make ships, we have thousands that fight,
 While one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.

All shall yield, &c.

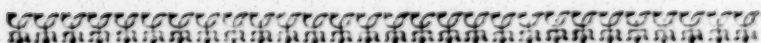
Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
 Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowers,
 The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
 With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit.
 All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge, the well letter'd birch
 Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church;
 But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
 And he gives the best physic for body and mind.
 All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the Patron gives fame to the tree,
 From him and his merits this takes its degree:
 Let Phebus and Bacchus their glories resign,
 Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.
 All shall yield, &c.

The genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day,
 More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
 So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
 Has laurel, and bays, and the vine, all in one.
 All shall yield, &c.

Then take each a relic of this hallow'd tree,
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be:
 Fill, fill to the Planter, the cup to the brim;
 To honour the country, do honour to him.
 All shall yield, &c.



* The Royal-Oak Tree. *Foregoing Tune.*

YE true Sons of Scotia together unite,
 And yield all your senses to joy and delight;
 Give mirth its full scope, that the nations may see
 We honour our standard, the Great Royal Tree.
 All shall yield to the Royal Oak-tree:
 Bend to thee,
 Majestic Tree!
 Cheerful was He, who sat in thee;
 And thou, like him, thrice honour'd shall be.

- * This, and the following Cantata and Song, wrote by Members of the Royal-Oak Society, Edinburgh.

When our great sov'reign Charles was driv'n from his throne,
 And dar'd scarce call the kingdom or subjects his own,
 Old Pendril, the miller, at the risk of his blood,
 Hid the King of our Iſle in the king of the wood.
 All ſhall yield, &c.

In ſummer, in winter, in peace, or in war,
 'Tis acknowledg'd, with freedom, by each Britiſh tar,
 That the Oak, of all ſhips, can beſt ſcreen us from harm,
 Beſt keep out the foe, and beſt ride out the ſtorm.
 All ſhall yield, &c.

Let Gard'ners and Floriſts of foreign plants boaſt,
 And cull the poor trifles of each diſtant coaſt;
 There is none of them all, from a ſhrub to a tree,
 Can ever compare, Great Royal-Oak, with thee.
 All ſhall yield, &c.

The Tree of Friendſhip. A CANTATA.

Tune, Welcome, brother debtor.

MANY are the toils of mankind,
 Num'rous are the pains we bear;
 Let us then unite in friendſhip,
 And each other's troubles ſhare:
 For men were made to help each other,
 To ſhare alike their grief and joy;
 Let us then, when toil is over,
 In harmleſs mirth our time employ.

Tune, The bounds are all out:

Without friendſhip in mankind ſociety's loſt,
 And life is a bubble of air:
 But tho' Fortune ſhould drive us to Greenland's bleak coaſt,
 We're contented, if Friendſhip comes there,
 My brave boys, &c.

It happened once, that a King, without friends,
 Was plagu'd by a hard-hearted crew;
 When he look'd round the fields, to make him amends,
 The Oak roſe with grace to his view,
 My brave boys, &c.

Then he mounted the tree, and with rapture he said,
 " At last I a firm friend have found;
 " No mortal will sure with a gem on his head,
 " If he can with friendship be crown'd."

My brave boys, &c.

Tune, *Britannia rules the waves.*

The trees that in the woods are seen,
 Struck by the winter's blast shall fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish on the green,
 The mighty monarch of them all.
 Hail to the Royal, hail to the Royal Tree!
 Protector of our liberty.

Tune, *Lillibullero.*

This much honour'd tree such wonders hath done,
 That Britain still names it as her greatest boast:
 There is nothing can equal it under the sun;
 Without it, our lives and our liberty's lost.
 Abroad it does sail, before the brisk gale,
 And brings home the spices and juices divine;
 Then sing round the great Tree, with friendship and glee,
 Around it, around it, like woodbines let's twine.

Tune, *Bellisle March.*

From the east to the west,
 By all men 'tis confest,
 That the Oak is the best of all trees:
 There's not one, we are sure,
 Can such hardships endure,
 Or brave with more courage the seas.
 Should any pretend
 To affront our good friend,
 Let the foe be a duke, lord, or clown,
 With our Oaks fast in hand,
 By our friends we'll firm stand,
 And then knock the proud boaster down.

C H O R U S. Tune, *Hearts of Oak.*

Then, shaded beneath this great Royal Tree,
 Let us from all strife, from all discord be free:
 Tho' hardships surround us, let this make amends,
 A friend in our need is the surest of friends.

Firm as the Oak let us stand, friends sincere let us be :
 Our purses are ready,
 Open to the needy ;
 In this let all Britons, all mankind agree.

Tune, *The yellow-hair'd Ladie.*

TH O' Winter may fright us, and chill us with cold,
 Bright Phebus can chear us with rays pure as gold :
 Then let us not murmur, nor dare to complain,
 For He who took sun-shine can give it again.

The Oak, that all winter was barren and bare,
 Again spreads his branches to wave in the air :
 All Nature rejoicing, appears clad in green,
 'Then let Mirth and Friendship enliven the scene.

The true Sons of Freedom together are met,
 And each by his neighbour in order is set,
 While Mirth and true Friendship give life to the song,
 The voice of Contentment the notes shall prolong.

A Bacchanalian Song. Tune, *Lango-Lee.*

WHile thus, mighty Bacchus ! we sing thy great glory,
 And wine in full bumpers we joyfully quaff,
 Attend with thy train, jolly god ! we implore thee,
 And join with thy vot'ries, when drunk, the loud laugh
 For life is a jest, and ev'ry thing shows it,
 And of short duration, there's no one but knows it,
 'The present time's ours, and they're fools that would lose it;
 Come then our full bumpers let's joyfull quaff.

Elated with wine, when at midnight we revel,
 Thro' streets we keep roving, all jovial and free,
 And "kick up a dust," roar and sing like the d—l,
 No mortals on earth are so happy as we
 And beating the rounds, when each takes his station,
 'Mongst lataps, and the windows, oh ! what devastation !
 With watchmen and guards we play l—l and d—mn—n ;
 What champions so brave—so courageous as we !

Dull mortals around us, of ev'ry profession,
 Who in toil, or in study, their lifetimes employ,
 When cloy'd with their bus'ness, they all make confession,
 Such pleasures as ours they can never enjoy.
 Come all at once, then, let's drink off our glasses;
 The joys of old wine there's no pleasure surpasses,
 The sober dull fool who denies it an ass is,
 In drinking there's pleasure which never can cloy. Æ.

The Echoing Horn.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad,
 To horse, my brave boys, and away;
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.
 What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox!
 O'er hill, and o'er valley he flies:
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, Huzza!
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay!
 How sweet with a bottle and lads to refresh!
 And lose the fatigues of the day.
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
 Dull wisdom all happiness fairs:
 Since life is no more than a passage, at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.



S O N G.

SINCE pleasure's in fashion, and life's but a jest,
 In spite of mi-fortune. I'll laugh with the best;
 Let the dull, who repute it a weakness to smile,
 Arraign my opinion, my morals revise,
 While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,
 I'll keep up the chorus of Ha-hā-ha ha.

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,
 No rivet shall close up my freedom of soul;

If care, or ill-nature, should come in my reach,
And, foaming with rage, like a Methodist preach,
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,
I'll trip up their heels, and cry, Ha-ha-ha-ha.

To be happy, I'll laugh as the minutes advance,
Mirth, play thou the fiddle, I warrant I'll dance;
But sweeter the music will float in the air,
If Lucy, my good-temper'd Lucy, be there:
She, knowing my bosom quite free from a flaw,
Will join the sweet tune of love's Ha-ha-ha-ha.

I'll laugh thro' the world, in defiance of strife,
For laughter's an oil to the fallad of life;
I'll make daddy Time, as he passes in haste,
Look over his shoulder, and long for a taste.
Then, friends, while your bosoms are free from a flaw,
Swell round the gay chorus of Ha-ha ha ha.



Woman for Man.

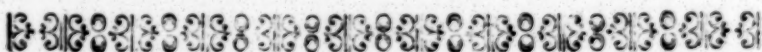
WINE, wine we allow the brisk fountain of mirth,
It frights away care, and gives jollity birth;
Yet while we thus freely great Bacchus approve,
Let's pay the glad tribute to Venus and love;
For do what you will, nay, or say what you can,
Who loves not a woman, the wretch is no man.

To the charms of that sex, let us chearful resign
Our youth, and our vigour, they're better than wine:
There's merit, I own, in a gay sparkling glass,
But, can it compare with a lovely kind lass?
No, it cannot compare, you may say what you can,
Who prefers not a woman, the wretch is no man.

The enchantments of Beauty what force can repel?
The eyes pow'rful magic, the bosom's soft swell,
The look so endearing, the kind melting kiss,
The enjoyments of love, are all rapture and bliss.
Then who woman refuses, rejects Nature's plan,
He may say what he will, but the wretch is no man.

May scandal, misfortune, and direful disgrace,
 Be the portion of all th' effeminate race;
 Like Britain. what nation on earth can they find.
 Whose nymphs are so fair, so inviting, and kind?
 Then who woman refuses, rejects Nature's plan,
 May they suffer like brutes, nor be pity'd by man.

From a striking example my moral shall spring;
 Who'd act like a man, let him copy his King:
 Like George in his youth, the gay spring tide of life,
 Let ev'ry good fellow now take him a wife.
 When by Hymen you're bless'd, rest securely, for then
 You'll have nothing to do, but to prove yourselves men.



The Calm. Tune, *Gilderoy*.

AH me! how heavy and how slow
 Does the dull vessel move!
 Blow, blow ye gentle breezes, blow,
 And bear me to my love.
 Absent from her my soul esteems
 'Bove all on earth that's dear,
 How long each tedious minute seems
 That keep me ling'ring here!

Blow, blow ye gentle breezes, then,
 That curl the waving sea,
 O blow, and bear me home again,
 To her so dear to me.
 Alas! nor blows the fresh'ning gales,
 Nor curls the waving sea;
 Anxious I view the slack'ned sails,
 My Delia's far from me!

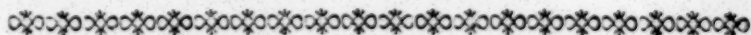
When shall we, Delia, meet again?
 The thought my bosom warms:
 Blow fresher yet ye breezes then,
 And bear me to her arms.
 But tedious tho' my time now move,
 Yet when again we meet,
 Delia, with smiles, will crown my love,
 And make my joy complete. L.

Reyno's Tomb. Tune, *Banks of Endermay.*

AS o'er the mountains grassy side
 Brave Fingal chac'd the flying deer,
 One at the tomb of Ryno dv'd;
 The hero paus'd, and wip'd a tear.
 He lean'd upon the moss-grown stone,
 "Once foremost in the chace," he said,
 "Thy sports are ended now, my son!
 "At rest, in the dark house, thou'rt laid.
 "Now, when th' enliv'ning shell goes round,
 "Amongst the brave, in Cromla's hall,
 "My boy shall there no more be found,
 "Nor answer his old Father's call!
 "Thy conquests all, alas! are o'er;
 "No more thou'lt face the haughty foe;
 "Nor, when he flies, pursue him more:
 "The strong-limb'd warrior is laid low.
 "Thy stone, soon hid amongst the grass,
 "(Ev'n as the grass remembrance dies,)
 "The feeble, careless o'er shall pass,
 "Nor know that there the mighty lies!"

The hero spoke—and, with a sigh,
 Retiring, mourn'd the hapless brave,
 Who like the mean inglorious lie,
 No more remember'd in the grave.

L.

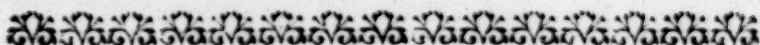


Bonny Bell.

IN fair Edina dwelt a maid,
 Not of high birth, nor low;
 ('Tis not material when, I trow;
 But 'tis not long ago.
 Howe'er this lass of lasses was
 Much for her beauty fam'd;
 Each fopling that could read and write,
 Her praise in verse proclaim'd.
 Ye Gods! she was a virgin fair,
 None could her charms excel;
 No rose in Ekron's vale could e'er
 Compare with bonny Bell.

For her full long did Strephon whine,
 For her he rack'd his breast;
 But no fond flatt'rer could engage
 This Helen of the west.
 Ignaro next the fair address'd,
 He too a passion feign'd;
 Plutus in vain did urge his suit,
 But both the maid disdain'd.

At last grave Damon made his suit,
 She listen'd to his tale;
 He pled a genuine virtuous love,
 And Virtue did prevail.
 The choice approv'd; to lend his aid,
 Thalassus did not fail;
 Each hill resounded with the praise
 Of Damon and his Bell. T. R.



Pastora. Tune, *Tweedside*.

'TWAS in that gay time of the year,
 When flowers enamel the green;
 And birds with sweet notes glad the ear,
 And flocks in gay pastures are seen.
 Where Flora's fair favourites sprung,
 A shepherd responding reclin'd,
 And while of his love thus he sung,
 A myrtle sustain'd him behind.
 Pastora! oh! where art thou fled?
 Pastora! thou beauteous maid!
 Thy face was with graces o'erspread.
 Thy looks were in sweetness array'd.
 Go mourn all ye woods, groves, and bow'rs,
 Ye riv'lets and fountains lament!
 Forsake the sad green, O ye flow'rs,
 Or, at least, for a time lose your scent!
 Ye shepherds, to sorrow incline!
 Ye sweet-feather'd songsters don't sing;
 Let Phebus forget now to shine,
 And winter with sadness swift bring.

Ye nymphs, that adorn the gay plain,
 With sadness your faces o'erspread;
 Let nothing but sadness remain,
 For oh—my Pastora is—dead!

Sure Nature her aim wrong did take,
 An angel she sure was design'd;
 And Fate, to correct the mistake,
 To form her immortal inclin'd.
 Oh! let me once more speak her name;
 Pastora! accept my last sigh!
 To bliss into this world you came;
 And, blest by your favour, I—die.

P. H.



The Month of May.

YE lads and ye lasses, ye belles and ye beaux,
 From the clown at a wake, to the smart at Soho's,
 Attentive for once to a sonnet attend,
 Which means neither city or court to offend;
 But harmlessly wishes the charms to display,
 That warm ev'ry breast at th' approach of the May.

In town and in country the reason's the same,
 Each belle, and each lass, has her favourite aim;
 By Nature she's rous'd, in the Mall—or the grove,
 And her own little heart points the season for love.
 Tho' the coy and the prude may deny what I say,
 In secret they'll own the delights of the May.

The gay city spark from his counter does slide,
 And cramm'd in a buggy with Jenny will ride:
 With rapture they talk of next Sunday's approach—
 To walk in the fields, and ride home in a coach;—
 To Hackney repair, and in bliss pass the day,
 At night—return loaded with gifts of the May.

With garlands and ribbons the milk-maids advance,
 Whilst the sweeps scaramouch round the milk bucket dance,
 So tempting, so neat—tho' not flaunting in silk,
 Each heart feels a thrill at the sound of "good milk."
 They ogle, and simper, are frolic and gay,
 And oft, for nine months, tell the charms of the May.

The ladies of fashion to Kenfington go,
Or perhaps take a drive with a favourite beau;
As near as they can, they ascend to the sky,
And flaunt it aloft on a phaeton on high :
To hear the birds sing how they rattle away,
And drive to an inch—as they talk of the May.

In parties, at eve, they to Ranelagh run,
Where the ev'ning concludes—what the morning begun;
A nod and a wink can a meaning afford,
And the garden is coolest—to walk with my lord—
To look at the swan—and to—(could the bird say)
'Twould charm us to hear—what he sees in the May.

The nymphs and the swains, at the wake and the fair,
With garlands around the tall May-pole appear;
As joyous they foot to a fiddle's harsh sound,
The vi'lets and daisies enamel the ground;
Whilst Florizel beckons his Phillis away,
To view the cool beauties that sport in the May.

The warm country-maid, as she strays thro' the field,
Observes ev'ry bough does a gay blossom yield;
With eye half askance sees the ewe with her ram,
And her heart gives a bound for each skip of the lamb.
Above the birds court, as they bend on the spray,
And Philomel warbles the sweets of the May.

But Phebe beware—when with Colin you roam,
Take caution abroad—or in May stay at home;
'Tho' the flow'rets and buds the gay hedges adorn,
'The leaf that is sweetest may harbour a thorn.
If you find your heart beat, take a kiss and away,
Nor trust the fond shepherd too late in the May.

And may the whole sex take my parting advice,
Nor, in what they most wish, still affect to be nice:
Consider the season—the danger remove,
Let Hymen preside o'er the temple of love.
'Tis Nature advises—her dictates obey,
And safe you may roam ev'ry night of the May.

The Invitation.

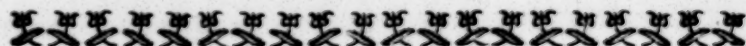
SINCE with verdant beauties smiling,
Ev'ry field and mead looks gay,
And each grove the birds are filling
With their sweet melodious lay:

Soon as chat and tea is over,
 Let each virgin, with her lover,
 To the banks of Clyde repair,
 Frisk and breathe reviving air.

See the eve serene invites you
 'To the mead, ye blooming fair !
 Feather'd songsters will delight ye,
 Warbling pleasant in the air.
 Listen to the charming sound,
 Cheerful smile, let mirth abound ;
 And with joy, by lovers led,
 Trip along the flow'ry mead.

Cupid's mother will take pride in
 Maids so graceful, young, and fair,
 And the place where she resides in
 Leave, and build her temple here.
 Then with joy, ye virgin throng,
 With your lovers frisk along ;
 Dance and frolic while you may,
 Beauty lasts but for a day.

A. E.



The Queen of the Meadows.

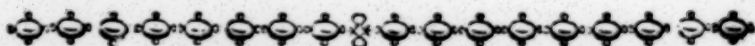
COME, Amanda, charming creature !
 Hear the woodland warblers sing,
 While each forward nymph of Nature
 Now is pregnant with the spring.
 Haste to view the dawning blushes,
 On dame Flora's infants seen,
 All beneath the blooming bushes,
 Swaddled in their mantles green.

Rise, fair damsel, with Aurora,
 Rise and see their early pride ;
 Visit Flora's offspring—Flora
 Will repay you when a bride ;
 Will return it, by portraying
 On your children's faces fair
 Such soft tinges, sweet displaying
 Ev'ry rose and lily there.

Let us lose the day in sporting
 O'er the verdant carpets gay,
 Till the Nightingale sits courting
 Midnight list'ners to his lay:
 Homeward then, our steps befriending,
 Our kind stars will lend each ray,
 With the moons, or else attending
 Glow-worms light the hedge-row way.

Ev'ry rural charm is wasted;
 Dull is ev'ry landskip round;
 Spring itself remains untasted,
 Till the Meadow's Queen is crown'd.
 Ev'ry grace attends about you;
 All things sweet compose thy train:
 All is anarchy without you—
 Haste, and bless us with thy reign.

T. S.



S O N G.

L OVELY Nymph, assuage my anguish;
 At your feet, a tender swain
 Prays you will not let him languish;
 One kind look would ease his pain.
 Did you know the lad that courts you,
 He not long need sue in vain;
 Prince of song, of dance, and sports—you
 Scarce will meet the like again.

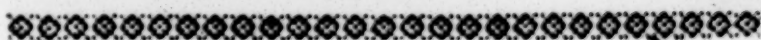
 Same Tune.

L OVELY Damon, when thou'rt near me,
 Straight my vital spirits fly;
 Nothing but thy smiles can cheer me,
 Turn, O turn thy killing eye:
 Hide, O hide those blooming graces
 That thy lovely face adorn:
 Who could shun thy sweet embraces
 When thou'rt blushing like the morn.

Lovely Damon, do not teize me
 With a sight I cannot bear;

Dearest Damon, if you'd ease me,
 Never on the plain appear :
 Desist, dear youth, nor strive to gain
 A heart, which is not mine to give ;
 Cease, O cease to give such pain ;
 Shun my sight, and let me live.

S.



S O N G.

Guardian angels now protect me !
 Send, ah ! send the youth I love !
 Deign, O Cupid ! to direct me ;
 Lead me to the myrtle-grove.
 Bear my sighs, soft floating air,
 Say, I love him to despair ;
 Tell him, 'tis for him I grieve,
 For him alone I wish to live.
 Mid secluded dells I'll wander,
 Silent as the shades of night,
 Near some bubbling rill's meander,
 Where he oft has blest my sight ;
 There to weep the night away,
 There to waste in sighs the day :
 Think, fond youth, what vows you swore,
 And must I never see thee more.
 Then recluse shall be my dwelling ;
 Deep in some sequester'd vale ;
 There, with mournful cadence swelling,
 Oft repeat my love sick tale :
 And the Lark and Philomel
 Oft shall hear a virgin tell,
 What the pain. to bid adieu
 To joy, to happiness, and you !

Same Tune.

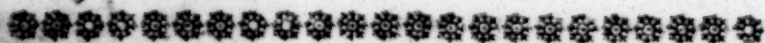
Hopeless still, in silent anguish,
 Far from her whom I adore ;
 Must I ever love and languish,
 Doom'd to view her face no more ?

Must I fly to scenes of wo !
 Must I ev'ry bliss forego !
 Why should Fate so cruel prove !
 Alas ! that ever I did love !

Vain my purpose to forget her,
 Fancy gives her to my eyes —
 See ! ten thousand charms beset her !
 See her dear idea rise !
 See, fair maid, my dying bloom !
 See a tender youth consume !
 Sad, for ever let me stray,
 To mourn and sigh my life away.

Far from human crouds retiring,
 Stranger to the voice of Fame,
 In some lonesome vale expiring,
 Of a constant—hapless flame ;
 There, when worthless life is o'er,
 And the cares of love no more,
 Weeping nymphs my grave shall see,
 And passing lovers pity me.

W. M.



SONG. *Set to Music by Mr Fisher.*

LET lords about court boast of stars and of strings,
 And the ladies of fashion of feathers and rings;
 Here, look upon Sue, and the rose on her face,
 Which beats all the rouge and the Chesterfield grace.

Would the quality gentry but yield up their wine,
 For a tap that is quick, and a liquor that's fine;
 Such fair linen cheeks would not always prevail,
 Were they crimson'd with health, and such liquor as ale.

No more of the vineyards of France and of Spain,
 Or what the huge Indiaman rolls o'er the main:
 We despise foreign spirits of brandy and rack,
 If the brewer gives hop, and sweet Sue gives the smack.

Would the dames of the *ton*, and their daughters dress less,
 And follow the manners of buxom Queen Bess,
 They wou'd ruff up their necks, nor look puling and pale,
 Did they rouge up their cheeks with a jug of brown ale.

What does not our small fertile island produce?
Does the Rhine, or the Tagus, pray, yield such a juice?
It is this that enables the soldier and tar,
To whirl on the foe all the thunder of war.

Hence ye Nabobs to India, with rapine and spoil,
Nor debauch, with your wealth, the chaste sons of this soil,
Lads and lasses drink round to the plough and the sail;
Courts are ruin'd by wine, while we're cherish'd by ale.

E. T.



The Sailor's Farewel.

Written by Capt. Thomson, and set by Mr. Fisher.

THE top-sail shivers in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee:
For, tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter, when we're sail'd,
O doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If Cupid fill'd his sails:
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in ev'ry port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves;
But sailors of the British fleet
Are lovers, and not slaves:
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The pow'rs of France and Spain.
Now Britain's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu!

The Sailor's Return.

BEhold, from many an hostile shore,
 And all the dangers of the main,
 Where billows mount, and tempests rore,
 Your faithful Tom returns again ;
 Returns, and with him brings a heart
 That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,
 How sweet to tread our native soil,
 With conquest to return at last,
 And deck our sweethearts with the spoil !
 No one to beauty should pretend,
 But such as dare its rights defend.



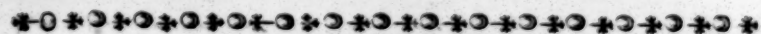
The Lottery.

ATTEND me a while, ye adventuring throng,
 Tho' my language is plain, you may learn from my song:
 The folly of Lott'ries you now may explore ;
 Then be wise, ere too late, and adventure no more.
 Toll loll de roll, &c.

Dame Fortune's a jilt, that will ever deceive,
 And her agents cajole you, and laugh in their sleeve ;
 They promise great fortunes to credulous elves,
 But their art is to keep the good luck to themselves.

They'll insure blank or prize, or do just what you chuse,
 But ne'er wonder at this, for 'tis you that must lose :
 If their horses you purchase, 'tis odds but you fall ;
 If a Chance—there's a chance you get nothing at all.

With the hopes to get riches be bubbled no more,
 But, by prudence, keep want and distress from the door :
 The chance in each Lott'ry you then will despise,
 And soon find, that Contentment's a capital prize.

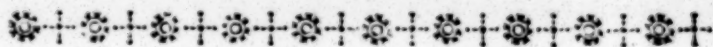


Here awa', there awa'.

HERE awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame ;
 Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,
 Now I have gotten my Willie again.

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
 Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame,
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame.
 Come Love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.



Drap of Capie---O.

THERE liv'd a wife in our gate-end,
 She lo'ed a drap of capie—O,
 And all the gear that e'er she gat,
 She slipt it in her gabie—O.

Upon a frosty winter's night,
 The wife had got a drapie—O,
 And she had pifs'd her coats sae well,
 She could not find the patie—O.

But she awa' to her goodman,
 They ca'd him Tamie Lamie—O,
 Gae ben and fetch the cave to me,
 That I may get a dramie—O.

Tamie was an honest man,
 Himsel he took a drapie—O,
 It was nae weel out o'er his craig,
 Till she was on his tapie—O.

She paid him weel, baith back and side,
 And fair she creish'd his backie—O,
 And made his skin baith blue and black,
 And gar'd his shoulders crackie—O.

Then he's awa' to the malt-barn,
 And he has tane a pockie—O,
 He put her in, baith head and tail,
 And cast her o'er his backie—O.

The carling spurn'd wi' head and feet,
 The carle he was sae aukie—O,
 To ilka wa' that he came by
 He gar'd her head play knackie—O.

Goodman, I think you'll murder me,
My brains you out will knockie—O:
He gi'd her ay the other hitch,
Lie still, you devil's buckie—O.

Goodman, I'm like to make my burn,
O let me out, good Tamie—O;
Then he set her upon a stane,
And bade her pish a damie—O.

Then Tamie took her aff the stane,
And put her in the pockie—O,
And when she did begin to spurn,
He lent her ay a knockie—O.

Away he went to the mill-dam,
And there ga'e her a duckie—O,
And ilka chiel, that had a flick,
Play'd thump upon her backie—O.

And when he took her hame again,
He did hing up the pockie—O,
At her bed side, as I heard say,
Upon a little knagie—O.

And ilka day that she up-rose,
In naithing but her smockie—O,
Sae soon as she look'd o'er the bed,
She might behold the pockie—O.

Now all ye men, baith far and near,
That have a drunken tutie—O,
Duck ye your wives in time of year,
And I'll lend you the pockie—O.

The wife did live for nineteen years,
And was fu' frank and cuthie—O,
And ever since she got the duck,
She never had the drouthie—O.

At last, the carling chanc'd to die,
And Tamie did her bury—O,
And, for the public benefit,
He has gar'd print the curie—O.

And this he did her motto make;
"Here lies an honest luckie—O,
"Who never left the drinking trade,
"Until she got a duckie—O."

Fair Margaret and Sweet William.

AS it fell out on a lang summer's day,
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together that long summer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

I see no harm by you, Margaret,
And you see none by me;
Before to-morrow at eight o'clock
A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margaret sat in her bow'r window,
A combing of her hair;
She spy'd sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Down she laid her ivory combe,
And up she bound her hair;
She went her way forth of the bower,
But never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
There came the spirit of fair Marg'ret,
And stood at William's feet.

God give you joy, you lover's true,
In bride-bed fast asleep;
Lo! I am going to my green-grass grave,
And I'm in my winding sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from sleep,
Sweet William to his lady said,
My dear I have cause to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear lady,
Such dreams are never good;
I dreamt my bower was full of red swine,
And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured Sir,
They never can prove good;
To dream thy bow'r was full of red swine,
And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying, I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bower,
By the leave of my lady.

And when he came to fair Marg'ret's bower,
He knocked at the ring;
So ready were her seven brethren
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet,
Pray let me see the dead;
Methinks she does look pale and wan,
She has lost her cherry-red.

I'll do more for thee, Margaret,
Than any of thy kin,
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
Tho' a sinile I cannot win.

With that bespake the seven brethren,
Making most piteous mone;
You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
And let our sister alone.

If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right;
For I made no vow to your sister dear,
By day, nor yet by night.

Pray tell me then how much you'll deal,
Of your white bread and your wine:
So much as is dealt at her fun'ral to-day,
To-morrow shall be dealt at mine.

Fair Margaret died to-day, to-day,
Sweet William died the morrow:
Fair Margaret died for pure true love,
Sweet William died for sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,
And William in the higher:
Out of her breast there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church-top,
Till they could grow no higher,
And there they grew in a true lover's knot,
Made all the folk admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
As you this truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

The Ploughman.

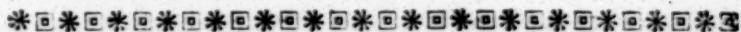
THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
 And a' his wark's at leisure,
 And when that he comes hame at e'en,
 He kisses me wi' pleasure.
 Up wi't now, my ploughman lad,
 Up wi't now, my ploughman;
 Of a' the lads that I do see,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

Now the blooming spring's come on,
 He takes his yoking early,
 And whistling o'er the furrow'd land,
 He goes to fallow chearly.
 Up wi't now, &c.

When my ploughman comes hame at e'en,
 He's often wet and weary;
 Cast aff the wet, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed, my deary.
 Up wi't now, &c.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
 And I will wash his o'erlay.
 And I will make my ploughman's bed,
 And cheer him late and early.
 Merry butt, and merry bea,
 Merry is my ploughman;
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

ough you hill, and plough you dale,
 Plough you faugh and fallow,
 Who winna drink the ploughman's health,
 Is but a dirty fellow.
 Merry butt, &c.



The Tailor.

THE tailor came to clout the claise,
 Sic a braw fellow!
 He fill'd the house a' fu' o' fleas,
 Daffin down, and daffin down,
 He fill'd the house a' fu' o' flaes,
 Daffin down and dilly.

The lassie slept ayont the fire,
Sic a braw hissey !
Oh ! she was a' his heart's desire,
Daffin down, and daffin down.
Oh ! she was, &c.

The lassie she fell fast asleep,
Sic a braw hissey !
The tailor close to her did creep,
Daffin down, and daffin down.
The tailor, &c.

The lassie waken'd in a fright,
Sic a braw hissey !
Her maidenhead had ta'en the flight,
Daffin down, and daffin down.
Her maidenhead, &c.

She fought it butt, she fought it ben,
Sic a braw hissey !
And in beneath the clocken-hen,
Daffin down, and daffin down.
And in beneath, &c.

She fought it in the owfen-staw,
Sic a braw hissey !
Na, faith, quo' she, it's quite awa' ;
Daffin down, and daffin down.
Na, faith, &c.

She fought it yont the knocking-flane,
Sic a braw hissey !
Some day, quo' she, 'twill gang its lane,
Daffin down, and daffin down.
Some day, quo' she, &c.

She ca'd the tailor to the court,
Sic a braw hissey !
And a' the young men round about,
Daffin down, and daffin down.
And a' the young men, &c.

She gar'd the tailor pay a fine,
Sic a braw hissey !
Gi'e me my maidenhead again,
Daffin down, and daffin down.
Gi'e me my maidenhead, &c.

O what way wad ye hae't again?
 Sic a braw hissey!
 Oh! just the way that it was ta'en,
 Daffin down, daffin down.
 Oh! just the way that it was ta'en,
 Daffin down and dilly.



The Grinding of the Corn.

THE maid's gane to the mill by night,
 Hech hey, fae wanton;
 The maid's gane to the mill by night,
 Hey fae wanton she:
 She's sworn by moon and stars fae bright,
 That she should hae her corn ground,
 That she should hae her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

Out then came the miller's man,
 Hech hey, fae wanton;
 Out then came the miller's man,
 Hey fae wanton he:
 He sware he'd do the best he can,
 For to get her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

He put his hand about her neck,
 Hech hey, &c.
 He dang her down upon a sack,
 And there she got her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

When other maids gaed out to play,
 Hech hey, fae wanton;
 When other maids gaed out to play,
 Hey fae wantonlie;
 She figh'd and sobb'd, and wadnae stay,
 Because she got her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

When forty weeks were past and gane,
 Hech hey, &c.
 This maiden had a braw lad-bairn,
 Because she got her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

Her mither bade her cast it out,
Hech hey, &c.

It was the miller's dusty clout,
For getting of her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

Her father bade her keep it in,
Hech hey, &c.
It was the chief of a' her kin,
Because she got her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

The Cauldrife Wooer.

THERE came a young man to my daddie's door,
My daddies door, my daddies door,
There came a young man to my daddie's door,
Came seeking me to woo.
And vow but he was a braw young lad,
A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad,
And vow but he was a braw young lad,
Came seeking me to woo.

But I was baking when he came,
When he came me to woo;
I took him in, and gae him a scone,
To thow his frozen mou'.

I set him in aside the bink,
I gae him bread and ale to drink,
But ne'er a blyth styme wad he blink,
Until his wame was fou'.

Gae get ye gone, ye cauldrie wooer,
Ye four looking, cauldrie wooer:
I straightway shou'd him to the door,
Saying, Come nae mair to woo.

There lay a duck-dub before the door,
Before the door, before the door,
There lay a duck-dub before the door,
And there fell he I trow.

Out came the goodman, and high he shouted,
Out came the goodwife, and low she louted,
And a' the town neighbours were gather'd about it,
But there lay he, I trow.

Then out came I, and sneer'd, and smil'd,
 Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguil'd;
 Ye've fa'n i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyl'd,
 We'll hae nae mair o' you.
 And vow but, &c.



The Surprise.

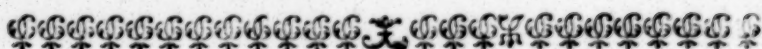
I Had a horse, and I had nae mair,
 I gat him frae my daddy;
 My purse was light, and my heart was fair,
 But my wit it was fu' ready.
 And sae I thought upon a wile,
 Outwittens of my daddy,
 To see mysel to a lowland laird,
 Who had a bonny lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
 Madam, be not offended,
 I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
 And care nae tho' ye kend it.
 For I get little frae the laird,
 And far less frae my daddy,
 And I would blythly be the man
 Would strive to please my lady.

She read my letter, and she leuch,
 Ye needna been sae blate, man;
 You might hae come to me yoursel,
 And tald me o' your state, man:
 You might hae come to me yoursel,
 Outwittens o' your daddy,
 And made John Goukston o' the laird,
 And kifs'd his bonny lady.

Then she pat filler in my purse,
 We drank wine in a cogie;
 She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
 And wow but I was vogie:
 But I gat ne'er sae fair a fleg
 Since I came frae my daddy,
 The laird came rap rap to the yate,
 When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me below a chair,
 And hap'd me wi' a plaidie ;
 But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
 And wish'd me wi' my daddy.
 The laird went out, he saw na me,
 I went when I was ready :
 I promis'd, but I ne'er gaed back,
 To see his bonny lady.



The Mariner's Wife.

BUT are you sure the news is true ?

And are you sure he's weel ?

Is this a time to think o' wark ?

Ye jades, fling by your wheel.

There's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck at a' ;

There's nae luck about the house,

When our goodman's awa'.

Is this a time to think of wark

When Colin's at the door ?

Rax me my cloak, I'll down the key,

And see him come ashore.

Rise up, and make a clean fire-side,

Put on the muckle pat ;

Gi'e little Kate her cotton-gown,

And Jock his Sunday's coat.

Mak their shoon as black as slaes,

Their stocking's white as snaw ;

It's a' to pleasure our goodman,

He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib,

Have fed this month and mair,

Mak haste, and thraw their necks about,

That Colin weel may fare.

Bring down to me my bigonet,

My bishop-fattin gown,

And then gae tell the Bailie's wife,

That Colin's come to town.

My Turkey-slippers I'll put on,
 My stockings pearl blue,
 And a' to pleasure our goodman,
 For he's baith leal and true.
 Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
 His breath's like cauler air,
 His very tread has music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again,
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy with the joy,
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 There's nae luck, &c.

The Shepherd's Son.

THERE was a shepherd's son,
 Kept sheep upon a hill,
 He laid his pipe and crook aside,
 And there he slept his fill.
 Sing, Fal deral, &c.
 He looked east, he looked west,
 Then gave an under-look,
 And there he spy'd a lady fair,
 Swimming in a brook.
 He rais'd his head frae his green bed,
 And then approach'd the maid,
 Put on your claiths, my dear, he says,
 And be ye not afraid.
 'Tis fitter for a lady fair
 To sew her filken seam,
 Than to get up in a May morning,
 And strive against the stream.
 If you'll not touch my mantle,
 And let my claiths alane,
 Then I'll gi'e you as much money,
 As you can carry hame.
 O! I'll not touch your mantle,
 And I'll let your claiths alane;
 But I'll tak you out of the clear water,
 My dear, to be my ain.

And when she out of the water came,
 He took her in his arms;
 Put on your claiiths, my dear, he says,
 And hide those lovely charms.

He mounted her on a milk-white steed,
 Himself upon anither,
 And all along the way they rode,
 Like sister and like brither.

When she came to her father's yet,
 She tirl'd at the pin;
 And ready stood the porter there,
 To let this fair maid in.

And when the gate was opened,
 So nimble she whipt in;
 Pough! You're a fool without, she says,
 And I'm a maid within.

Then fare ye weel, my modest boy,
 I thank you for your care;
 But had you done what you should do,
 I ne'er had left you there.

Oh! I'll cast aff my hose and shoon,
 And let my feet gae bare,
 And gin I meet a bonny lass,
 Hang me, if her I spare.

In that do as you please, she says,
 But you shall never more
 Have the same opportunity:
 With that she shut the door.

There is a gude auld proverb,
 I've often heard it told,
 "He that would not, when he might,
 "He should not, when he would."



G I L D E R R O Y,

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,
 Had roses tull his shoon,
 His stockings were of filken soj,
 Wi' garters hanging down:
 It was, I ween, a comely sight,
 To see sae trim a boy;
 He was my jo, and heart's delight,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! sic twa charming een he had,
A breath as sweet as rose ;
He never wore a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes :
He gain'd the luvè of ladies gay,
Nane e'er to him was coy ;
Ah ! wae is me ! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in one town together,
We scant were seven years before
We 'gan to luvè each other :
Our daddies and our mammies they
Were fill'd wi' meikle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luvè of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of holland fine,
Wi' silken flowers wrought :
And he gied me a wedding-ring,
Which I receiv'd with joy ;
Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing,
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' meikle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsome time
Amang the leaves sae green :
Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,
And sweetly kifs and toy ;
Wi' garlands gay he'd deck my hair,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life,
But, ah ! his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feates of strife :
And he, in many a venturous deed,
His courage bauld wad try,
And now this gars my heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he took,
The tears they wat mine eye ;
I gave tull him a parting look,
" My bennison gang wi' thee !

God speed thee weel, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy ;
My heart is rent sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
Was fear'd in every town,
And bauldly bare awa' the gear
Of many a lawland loun ;
Nane e'er durst meet him man to man,
He was fae brave a boy ;
At length, wi' numbers, he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

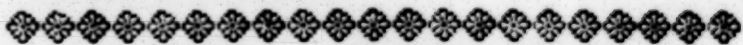
The Queen of Scots possessed nought
That my love let me want,
For cow and ewe he brought to me,
And e'en when they were scant :
All these did honestly possess,
He never did annoy,
Who never fail'd to pay their cess
To my love Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear ;
To reave of life for ox or afs,
For sheep, or horse, or mare :
Had not their laws been made fae strick
I ne'er had lost my joy ;
Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my check
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amiss,
He might hae banish'd been ;
Ah ! what fair cruelty is this,
To hang sic handsome men !
To hang the flow'r o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy ;
Nae lady had fae white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy fae 'fraid they were,
They bound him meikle strong ;
Tull Edinburgh they led him there,
And on a gallows hung ;
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was fae trim a boy ;
Their dy'd the youth whom I lo'ed best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
 I bare his corpse away;
 Wi' tears that trickled for his death,
 I waitit his comely clay;
 And fiker in a grave sae deep
 I laid the dear-lo'ed boy,
 And now for ever maun I weep,
 My winsome Gilderoy.



Flowdenhill; or, Flowers of the Forest.

I'VE heard of a liting at our ewes milking,
 Lassies a' liting before the break of day;
 But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning,
 That our braw foresters are a' wede away.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blyth lads are scorning,
 The lassies are lonely, dowie, and wae;
 Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

At e'en, at the glomin, nae swankies are roaming
 'Mongst stacks, with the lassies at bogle to play,
 But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
 The flowers of the forest that are wede away.

At har'ft, at the shearing, nae younkens are jeering,
 The ban'fters are runkled, lyart, and grey;
 At a fair, or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order, sent our lads to the border!
 The English, for ance, by guile gat the day;
 The Flower of the forest, that ay shone the foremost,
 The prime of our land lies cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liting at our ewes milking,
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.



Had awa' frae me, Donald.

O WILL you hae a tartan plaid,
 Or will you hae ta ring, Mattam?
 Or will you ha'e a kifs o' me?
 And dat's ta pretty t'ing, Mattam.

Had awa, bide awa,
Had awa frae me, Donald;
I'll neither kifs, nor hae a ring,
Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald
O see you not her ponny progues,
Her fecket plaid, plew, creen, Mattam?
Her twa short hose, and her twa spiogs,
An' a shoulter-pelt apoon, Mattam!
Had awa', bide awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
Nae shoulder-belts, nae trinkabouts,
Nae tartan hose for me, Donald.
Her can peshaw a petter hough,
Tan him wha wears ta crown, Mattam
Herfell hae pistol and claymore
Ta sije ta lallant lown, Mattam.
Had awa, had awa,
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
For a' your houghs and warlike arms,
You're no a match for me, Donald.
Hersell hae a short cot pi poght,
No trail my feets at rin, Mattam;
A cutty fark of good harn sheet,
My mitter he be spin, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
Gae hame and hap your naked houghs,
And fash nae mair wi' me, Donald.
Ye's ne'er pe pidden work a turn
At ony kind o' spin, Mattam,
But shug your leno in a scull,
And tidel highland sing, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
Your jogging sculls and highland sang
Will sound but harsh wi' me, Donald.
In ta morning when him rise,
Ye's get fresh whey for tea, Mattam;
Sweet milk and ream as much you please,
Far cheaper tan pohea, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
I winna quit my morning's tea,
Your whey will ne'er agree, Donald.

Haper Gallic ye's pe learn,
 And tat's ta ponny speak, Mattam ;
 Ye's get a sheese, an' putter-kirn,
 Come wi' me gin ye like, Mattam.
 Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald ;
 Your Gallic, and your highland chear
 Will ne'er gae down wi' me, Donald.
 Fait ye's be ket a filler protch,
 Pe pigger as the moon, Mattam ;
 Ye's ride in curroch, stead o' coach,
 An' wow put ye'll pe fine, Mattam.
 Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald ;
 For a' your highland rarities
 You're not a match for me, Donald.
 Is tis ta way tat ye'll pe gide
 Pra' protty man like me, Mattam ?
 Sae lang's claymore hing py my fide
 I'll nifer marry tee, Mattam.
 O come awa', run awa',
 O come awa' wi' me, Donald :
 I wadna quit my Highland man ;
 Frae Lalland's fet me free, Donald.



The Turnimspike.

HERSELL pe Highland fhentleman,
 Pe auld as Pothwel prig, man ;
 An' mony alterations seen
 Amang te Lawland Whig, man.
 Fal la, &c.
 First when her to the Lawlands came,
 Nainfell was driving cows, man :
 There was nae laws about hims nerfe,
 About the preeks or trews, man.
 Nainfell did wear the philabeg,
 The plaid prick't on her shoulder ;
 The gude claymore hung pe her pelt,
 The pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

But for whereas these curfed precks,
 Wherewith her nerfe be lockit,
O hon ! that e'er ſhe ſaw the day !
 For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Every t'ing in te Highlands now
 Pe turn't to alteration ;
The ſodger dwell at our toor ſheek,
 And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
 An' laws pring on te cadger :
Nainſell wad durk him for her deeds,
 But oh ſhe fears te ſoger.

Another law came after that,
 Me never ſaw te like, man ;
They mak a lang road on te crund,
 And ca' him Turnimſpike, man.

An' wow ſhe pe a ponny road,
 Like Louden corn-rigs, man ;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
 An' no break ithers legs, man.

They ſharge a penny for ilka horſe,
 In troth ſhe'll no pe ſheaper,
For nought put gaen upo' the crund,
 And they gi'e me a paper.

They tak the horſe t'en py te head,
 And t'ere they mak him ſtand, man :
I tell'd them that I ſeen te day
 He had nae ſic command, man.

Nae doudts Nainſell maun traw her purſe,
 And pay them what himſ like, man :
I'll ſee a ſhugement on his toor,
 T'at filthy Turnimſpike, man.

But I'll awa' to the Highland hills,
 Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
And no come near her Turnimſpike,
 Unless it pe to purn her.

The Ufquebæ.

DONALD's a shentleman, an' evermore shall,
For the's porn i' the Highlands, the pack o' Dunkel,
Put the king and his cadgers ha'e made her a prey,
An' tane paith her pot, an' her tear Ufquebæ.

Nainfell now has naething of auld Highland hue,
Put her turk, her claymore, and her ponnet o' blue;
Her plait and her kilt, ohon! mair wae!
She's reaved of them, and her tear Ufquebæ.

I was not a ribel, tho' I faught for my chief,
Nor am I rogue, who was never a thief:
Nainfell was a sodger, and got te king's pay,
An' yet I'm depriv'd of her tear Ufquebæ.

On te morning our Shanet he wad gi'e me a tram,
Then Pd fight like a Turk, and work like a man:
If ye see te king, tell her it's no te right way,
To tak frae poor Donald his tear Ufquebæ.

When our Shanet was sick, and pearing te pairn,
A trink of good whisky it cherish'd his prain:
It made him to sing, and the houdie to pray;
This was the fruits o' her goot Ufquebæ.

The Whisky's te life o' te Highland besure,
Now te king's ain tear sogers may die in te muir:
When her feets will be fair, in a cault winter-day,
She'll miss Donald's kebbucks an' goot Ufquebæ.

My curse on te cadger t'at e'er he was born;
Poor Highlandman now maun pe Lallandman's scorn:
Nainfell tho' pe hopes to see petter day,
An' te te'il get the cadger, and her Ufquebæ.



Wayward Wife.

ALAS! my son, you little know
The sorrows that from wedlock flow.
Farewel to every day of ease,
When you have got a wife to please.

Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
 Ye little ken what's to betide you yet;
 The half of that will gain ye yet,
 If a wayward wife obtain ye yet.

Your experience is but small,
 As yet you've met with little thrall:
 The black cow on your feet ne'er trod,
 Which gars you sing along the road.
 Sae bide you yet, &c.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,
 Or some piece of the spinning wheel,
 She will drive at you with good will,
 And then she'll fend you to the de'il.
 Sae bide you yet, &c.

When I, like you, was young and free,
 I valu'd not the proudest she;
 Like you I vainly boasted then,
 That men alone were born to reign.
 But bide you yet, &c.

Great Hercules and Samson too,
 Were stronger men than I or you,
 Yet they were baffled by their dears,
 And felt the distaff and the sheers.
 Sae bide you yet, &c.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
 Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon balls,
 But nought is found by sea or land,
 That can a wayward wife withstand.
 Sae bide you yet, &c.

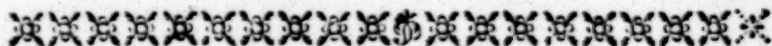


Chear up my Heart.

AS I was a walking ae May-morning,
 The fiddlers and youngsters were making their game;
 And there I saw my faithless lover,
 And a' my sorrows returned again.
 Well, since he is gane, joy gang wi' him,
 Its never be he shall gar me complain;
 I'll chear up my heart, and I will get anither,
 I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

I cou'dna get sleeping yestreen for weeping,
 The tears ran down like showers o' rain;
 An' I hadna got greeting my heart wad a broken,
 And O! but love's a tormenting pain.
 But since he is gane, &c.

When I gade into my mither's new house,
 I took my wheel, and sat down to spin;
 'Twas there I first began my thrift.
 And a' the wooers came linkin' in.
 It was gear he was seeking, but gear he'll nae get,
 And its never be he, &c.



Bide ye yet.

GIN I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire,
 A bonny wee wife to praise and admire,
 A bonny wee yardy afide a wee burn,
 Farewel to the bodies that yammer and mourn.
 And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
 Ye little ken what may betide you yet;
 Some bonny wee bodie may be my lot,
 And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
 I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean,
 And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
 That will cry papa or daddy to me.
 And bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be
 A diff'rence a'tween my wee wifie and me,
 In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,
 I'll kifs her, and clap her, until she be pleas'd.
 And bide ye yet, &c.



The Grey Cock.

O SAW ye my father, or saw ye my mother,
 Or saw ye my true love John?
 I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
 But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gi'e nae light,
 And the bells they ring ding dong;
 He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
 But he will be here ere long.

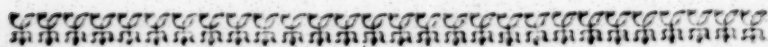
The furly auld carl did naething but snarl,
 And Johnny's face it grew red;
 Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
 Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
 And gently tirl'd the pin;
 The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
 And she open'd and let him in.

And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast?
 And is my Johnny true?
 I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysel,
 Sae lang shall I love you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
 And craw when it is day;
 Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
 And your wings of the silver grey.

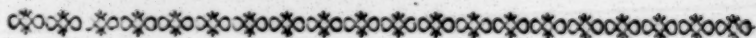
The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
 For he crew an hour o'er soon;
 The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
 And it was but a blink of the moon.



H EY how Johnny lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye sud hae been,
 Hey how Johnny lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye sud hae been,
 Sae weel's ye might hae touzled me,
 And sweetly pried my mou' bedeem.
 Hey how Johnny lad, &c.

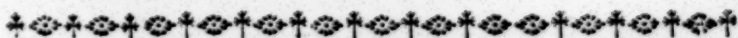
My father he was at the pleugh,
 My mother she was at the mill,
 My billy he was at the moss,
 And no ane near our sport to spill;
 The feint a body was therein,
 Ye need na fley'd for being seen.
 Hey how Johnny lad, &c.

But I maun hae anither jo,
Whose love gangs never out o' mind,
And winna let the moment pass,
When to a lass he can be kind;
Then gang yere wa's to Blinkin' Befs,
Nae mair for Johny fall she green.
Hey how Johny lad, &c.



WHILE penfive on the lonely plain,
Far from the fight of her I love,
To the clear stream I tell my pain,
And sigh my paffion to the grove.
Echo, sweet Goddefs of the wood,
From all thy cells refound my care ;
And Forth, along thy filver flood,
Convey my murmurs to the fair.

Tell her, O tell the charming maid,
In vain the feather'd warblers sing;
In vain the trees expand their shade,
Or blooming Flora paint the spring:
When absent from her dearer charms,
Not all these beauties can invite;
But did she bless her Jamie's arms,
E'en barren deserts would delight.



The broad Swords of Scotland.

WHEN our valiant ancestors did land in this Isle,
Brave Fergus commanded, and vict'ry did smile;
With their broad-swords in hand they well clear'd the soil.
O the broad-swords of Old Scotland,
And O the Old Scottish broad-swords.

The Romans, the Picts, and the Old Britons too,
Us, by fraud, and by guile, did attempt to subdue;
But their schemes prov'd abortive, while we did prove true.
O the broad-swords, &c.

Tho' some factious nobles, to serve their own end,
Would join with the English, themselves to befrend,
And we lost at first, they did lose in the end.
O the broad-swords, &c.

Remember Brave Wallace, who boldly did play;
Bruce at Bannockburn—what a glorious day!
The flowers of old England our heroes did slay.
O the broad-swords, &c.

See Henry their king take his heels in a fright,
Nor e'er look behind, but in Berwick alight:
In an old fishing-boat he bade Scotland good-night.
O the broad-swords, &c.

Our Scottish ancestors were valiant and bold,
In learning ne'er beat, nor in battle controul'd:
But now—shall I name it?—alas! we're all fold.
O the broad-swords, &c.



The Wedding Day.

ONE night, as poor Colin lay musing on bed,
With his heart full of love, and a vaporous head,
To wing the dull hours, and his sorrows allay,
How sweetly he sung of his wedding day.
O what would I give for a wedding day!
O what would I give for a wedding day!
Wealth and Ambition I'd lose you away,
With all you can boast for a wedding day.

Should the Heavens bid me ask, and with freedom implore,
One bliss for the anguish I suffer'd before,
For Jeffrey, dear Jeffrey, alone would I pray,
And grasp my whole wish on my wedding day.
Blest be the approach of my wedding day!
I'll hail my dear nymph on my wedding day;
Earth smiles more charming, and heaven more gay,
And happiness dawns on my wedding day.

But Luna, who equally sov'reign presides,
O'er hearts of the ladies, and flow of the tides,
Unhappily changes—has changed her mind!
O Fate! cou'd a wife prove e'er constant or kind?
Why was I born to a wedding day!
Curst, ever curst be my wedding day.
Colin, poor Colin, has changed his lay,
And dates all his plagues from his wedding day.

Bachelors, be warn'd by the shepherd's distress,
 Be taught by your freedom to measure your bliss;
 Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,
 And blast all your hopes on a wedding day.

Horns is the gift of a wedding day!

Want and a scold crowns a wedding day!

Happy's the gallant has a wife while he may,

And prefers a stiff rope to a wedding day.



King and Tinker. A BALLAD.

AND now, to be brief, let's pass over the rest,
 Who seldom or never was given to jest,
 And come to King James the First on the throne:
 A pleasanter monarch sure never was known.

Once, as he was chasing his fair fallow-deer,
 He dropp'd all his nobles, of them he got clear;
 In search of new pleasures away he did ride,
 Till he came to an ale-house, just by the wood side:

And there with a Tinker he happen'd to meet,
 Whom in this kind manner he did lovingly greet;
 He said, Honest fellow, what is in thy jug,
 Which under thy arm thou dost lovingly hug?

In truth, said the Tinker, 'tis nappy brown ale,
 And for to drink to thee I never will fail;
 Altho' that thy jacket is glorious and fine,
 I hope that my twopence is as good as thine.

Nay, now, by my soul, the truth shall be spoke,
 The King he sat down with the Tinker to joke;
 He call'd for one pitcher, the tinker another,
 And so at it they went like brother and brother.

While drinking, the King was pleased to say,
 What news dost thou hear, honest Tinker, I pray?
 There's nothing of news, which now I do hear,
 But the King is a chasing his fair fallow-deer.

And truly I wish I so happy might be,
 That, while he is hunting, the King I may see;
 Altho' I have travell'd the land many ways,
 I ne'er saw the King in all my whole days.

The King, in a hearty brisk laughter, reply'd,
I tell thee, good fellow, if thou canst but ride,
Thou shalt get behind me, and thee I will bring
In the royal presence of James our King.

Perhaps, quoth the Tinker, his lords will be drest,
So fine, that I cannot tell him from the rest :
They will; but I tell you, when once we come there
The King will be cover'd, his nobles all bare.

Then up got the Tinker, and hoisted the black
Budget of leather, and tools, on his back ;
And when they came to the merry green wood,
His nobles came round him, and bare-headed stood.

The Tinker then seeing so many appear,
Immediately whisper'd the King in the ear,
Saying, Since they're all clothed so gallant and gay,
Sir, which is the King? now tell me, I pray.

The King to the Tinker he made this reply,
By my soul, man, it must be either you or I ;
We are both cover'd, they uncover'd all round :
This said, with his budget he fell to the ground,

Like one that was frighten'd quite out of his wits ;
And then on his knees he immediately gets,
Beseeching his mercy.—The King to him said,
Thou art a good fellow, so be not afraid.

Now tell me thy name.—It is John of the vale,
A mender of kettles, and lover of ale.
Then rise up, Sir John, I'll honour you here ;
I make you a knight of three-hundred a-year.

This was a good thing for the Tinker indeed ;
Then soon to the court he was sent for with speed,
Where was store of pleasure and pastime there seen,
In the royal presence of our King and Queen.

I'LL sing of my lover all night and all day,
He's ever good-natur'd, and frolic, and gay ;
His voice is as sweet as the Nightingale's lay,
And well on his bagpipe my shepherd can play,
And a bonny young lad is my Jocky,
And a bonny young lad is my Jocky.

He says that he loves me, I'm witty and fair,
And praises my eyes, my lips, and my hair;
Rose, violet, nor lily, with me can't compare:
If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty, I swear.

And a bonny, &c.

He kneels at my feet, and with many a sigh,
He cry'd, O my dear, will you never comply;
If you mean to destroy me, why do it, I'll die.
I trembled all over, and answer'd, Not I.

And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall May-pole he dances so neat,
And sonnets of love the dear boy can repeat:
He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise, and discreet,
His looks are so kind, and his kisses so sweet.

And a bonny, &c.

At eve', when the sun sinks repos'd in the west,
And May's tuneful choicest all skim to their nest,
When I meet on the green the man I love best,
My heart is just ready to burst in my breast.

And a bonny, &c.

But see how the meadows are moisten'd with dew,
Then come, my dear shepherd, I wait but for you;
Let us live for each other, both constant and true.
And taste the sweet raptures no monarch e'er knew.

And a bonny, &c.

I'LL sing of my Jenny all day and all night,
She's always good natur'd, and full of delight;
Her looks are so pleasant, her eyes are so bright,
That I always am happy when she's in my sight.

And a beautiful girl is my Jenny, &c.

To me Jenny's love is oft-times express'd,
Of all her young gallants she loves me the best;
Her lips I have kiss'd, and her bosom I've press'd,
She's sweeter than roses in June, I protest.

And a beautiful girl, &c.

Of all the gay lasses that dance on the green,
'Tis Jenny excels, for an air and a mien;
She sings like a fyren, she looks like a queen,
She's the sweetest young beauty my eyes have e'er seen.

And a beautiful girl, &c.

Come hither, sweet Jenny, no longer delay,
 Join hands with your Jocky, to church let's away;
 Don't trust till to morrow, be happy to-day,
 And gladly the summons of Cupid obey,
 Then love shall bless Jenny and Jocky,
 Then love shall bless Jenny and Jocky.



AS I went forth to take the air,
 Into an ev'ning clear, ladie,
 I met a brisk young handsome spark,
 A new made pulpitier, ladie:
 An airy blade so brisk and bra',
 Mine eyes did never see, ladie;
 A long cravat at him did wag,
 His hose girt 'boon the knee, ladie.

By-and-ou'ter this young man had,
 A gallant douse black gown, ladie,
 With cock'd up hat, and powder'd wig,
 Black coat, and muffs fu' clean, ladie.
 At length he did approach me nigh,
 And bowing down full low, ladie;
 He grasp'd me, as I did pass by,
 And would not let me go, ladie.

Said I, Pray friend, what do you mean?
 Can thou not let me be, ladie?
 Says he, My heart, by Cupid's dart,
 Is captive unto thee, lassie.
 I'll rather chuse to thole grim death,
 So cease and let me be, ladie.
 For what? said he—Good troth, said she,
 Nae dominies for me, ladie.

Ministers stipends are uncertain rents
 For ladies conjunct fee, ladie;
 When books and gowns are all cry'd down,
 Nae dominies for me, ladie.
 But for your sake I'll fleece the flock,
 Grow rich, as I grow auld, lassie;
 If I be spar'd, I'll be a laird,
 And thou be Madam call'd, lassie.

But what if ye should chance to die,
 Leave bairns ane or twa, ladie?
 Naething would be reserv'd for them,
 But hair-mould books to gnaw, ladie.
 At this he angry was, I wat,
 He gloom'd, and look'd fu' hie, ladie;
 When I perceived this, in haste,
 I left my dominie, ladie.

Then I went hame to my step-dame,
 By this time it was late, ladie;
 But she before had barr'd the door,
 I blush'd and look'd fu' blate, ladie.
 Thinks I, I must ly in the street,
 Is there no room for me, ladie;
 And is there neither plaid nor sheet
 With my young dominie, ladie?

Then with a humble voice I cry'd,
 Pray open the door to me, ladie:
 But he reply'd, I'm gone to bed,
 So cease, and let me be, lassie.
 The sooner that you let me in,
 You'll be the more at ease, ladie;
 And on the morrow I'll be gone,
 Then marry who you please, ladie.

And what if I should chance to die,
 Leave bairns ane or twa, lassie,
 Naething would be reserv'd for them.
 But hair-mould books to gna', lassie.
 Ministers stipends are uncertain rents,
 For ladies conjunct-fee, lassie;
 When books and gowns are a' cry'd down,
 Nae dominies for thee, lassie.

So fare you well, my charming maid,
 This lesson learn of me, lassie,
 At the next offer hold him fast
 That first makes love to thee, lassie.
 Then did I curse my doleful fate,
 Gin this had been my lot, ladie,
 For to have match'd with such as you,
 A good for nothing fot, ladie.

Then I returned hame again,
 And coming down the town, ladie,

By my good luck, I chanc'd to meet
 A gentleman dragoon, ladie;
 And he took me by baith the hands,
 'Twas help in time of need, ladie;
 Fools on ceremonies stand,
 At twa words we agreed, ladie.

He led me to his quarter-house,
 Where we exchang'd a word, ladie;
 We had nae use for black-gowns there,
 We marry'd o'er the sword, ladie.
 Martial drums is music fine,
 Compar'd wi' tinkling bells, ladie;
 Gold, red, and blue, is more divine
 Than black, the hue of hell, ladie.

Kings, queens, and princes, crave the aid
 Of the brave stout dragoons, laddie;
 While dominies are much employ'd
 'Bout whores and sackcloth gowns, ladie.
 Awa' then wi' these whining lowns,
 They look like let me be, ladie;
 I've mair delight in roaring guns:
 Nae dominies for me, ladie.



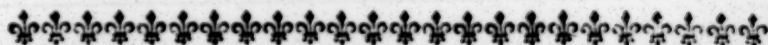
Galla-Water.

BRAW, braw lads of Galla-water,
 O braw lads of Galla-water,
 I'll kilt my coats above my knee,
 And follow my love thro' the water.
 Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie,
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
 I aften kiss her till I'm wearie.
 O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
 O'er yon moss among the hether,
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love thro' the water.
 Down among the broom, the broom,
 Down among the broom, my dearie;
 The lassie lost her filken snood,
 That gar'd her greet till she was wearie.

Original of Tweedside.

WHEN Meggy and me were acquaint,
 I carry'd my noddle fu' hie,
 Nae lintwhite on all the gay plain,
 Nor goudspink fae bonny as she.
 I whistled, I pip'd, and I sang,
 I woo'd, but I came nae great speed,
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,
 And lay my banes over the Tweed.

To Meggy my love I did tell,
 Saut tears did my passion express;
 Alas! for I lo'ed her o'er well,
 And the women lo'e sic a man less.
 Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
 Her pride had my ruin decreed,
 Therefore I will wander abroad,
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.



ROBIN is my only joe,
 Robin has the art to lo'e,
 So to his suit I mean to bow,
 Because I ken he lo'es me.
 Happy, happy was the show'r,
 That led me to his birken bow'r,
 Where first of-love I fand the pow'r,
 And kend that Robin lo'ed me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,
 Speak of gloves and kissing strings,
 And name a thousand bonny things,
 And ca' them signs he lo'es me,
 But I'd prefer a smack of Rob,
 Sporting on the velvet fog,
 To gift's as lang's a plaiden wobb,
 Because I ken he lo'es me.

He's tall and sonfy, frank, and free,
 Lo'ed by a', and dear to me,
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
 Because my Robin lo'es me.

My titty Mary said to me,
Our courtship but a joke wad be,
And I, or lang, be made to see,
That Robin did na love me.

But little kens she what has been
Me and my honest Rob between,
And in his wooing, O so keen
Kind Robin is that lo'es me.
Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,
And hasten on the happy day,
When, Join your hands, Mefs John shall say,
And mak him mine that lo'es me.

Till then, let ev'ry chance unite,
To weigh our love, and fix delight,
And I'll look down on sach wi' spite,
Who doubt that Robin lo'es me.
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
Kind Robin lo'es me.



The Justice of Peace's New-Year's Gift.

AS the Mogul sat in his palace,
(The Cupids around him did play),
Great hopes he conceiv'd of a Lady,
Arriv'd from the mouth of the Tay.
The horses were join'd to the chariot,
Old Pitchie ascended the car;
To win the affections of Madam,
He flew like a bird in the air.

Ye muses, that dwell on Parnassus,
Your aid I implore to my strain,
To sing of the lovers embraces,
And mutual effects of the same.
The lady was triumm'd to advantage,
Great splendour appear'd in her face;
In raptures Old Pitchie admir'd her,
And thus he spoke with a grace.

My dear, I am happy to see you,
Your fame has long buzz'd in my ear;

Such beauty, such grace you're possess'd of,
Surpasses a Venus, I swear.

Your compliments, Sir, can't avail you,

To wedlock I am not inclin'd,

Unless that your conduct is graceful,

And suits the frame of my mind.

Dear Molly, allow me to tell you,

My conduct is not without grace,

Since all must respect and adore me,

For I am a Justice of Peace.

The Lady, amazed in wonder,

Express'd her assent with a sigh;

Old Pitchie perceived the reason,

And snatched a kiss by the bye.

Kind Sir, you have conquer'd me fairly,

As witness the tears in my eyes;

But what makes me chiefly uneasy,

Lest we my mother displease.

Poh! away with your doubts and your fears,

Let's trip away to Dundee:

And, by very sagacious arguments,

I'll soon 'cause thy mother agree.

As the horses were very well matched,

They swept away to the goal;

While numberless kisses he snatched,

That thrill'd his amorous soul.

Alas! that our pleasures are fleeting,

Or love should be mix'd with alloy!

For the driver, a waggish young youth,

Interrupted the course of their joy!

So slight was the crime he committed,

Its like I frequently find;

And yet the hero did curse him

For wantonly looking behind.

And now that their journey is ended,

They call'd for the Lady's Mamma,

Who seeing her daughter thus buckl'd

Was vex'd to the heart at them a'.

But the Justice, addressing the mother,

Says, Madam, I hope you'll approve;

The choice I have made of Miss Molly

Demonstrates the force of my love.

The matron, with just indignation,
 Being fir'd at such a disgrace,
 Says, Get you a packing, and leave her,
 You profligate Justice of Peace.

To strut and to caper this rous'd him,
 And, in place of rend'ring a bow,
 Damned such insolent usage,
 No Justice was ever serv'd so.
 And in furious mood he left her,
 Repining for what she had done:
 Alas! such mishap of the bargain,
 Tho' 'twas better to let him alone.

Pity they were not buckl'd together,
 None wou'd have envy'd either side;
 But now, that it is shuffled over,
 There is neither bridegroom nor bride.
 Thus ended the comical courtship,
 Few like it have happen'd before;
 And thus was dismissed his Bruteship,
 Who now dares not look near the door.

Now Pitchie, his courtship is ended,
 And ladies of him make a game;
 With huffing, and scuffling, and mocking,
 They say he is crack'd in the brain.
 Like Bacchus Old Pitchie he capers,
 And roves like the wind and the tide,
 As crazy as Mad Tom in Bedlam,
 And all for the loss of his bride.

If women weré scarce in the nation,
 I surely wou'd pity his case;
 He is but a novice in courtship,
 This crazy old Justice of Peace.
 And now, that Old Pitchie is baff'd,
 We leave him his fate to deplore:
 He may go to Trulla, his mistress,
 And *clap* her, as he's done before.

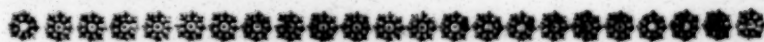
The Flower of Yarrow.

IN ancient times, as songs rehearse,
 One charming nymph employ'd each verse,
 She reign'd alone, without a marrow,
 M^ray Scot the flower of Yarrow.

Our fathers, with such beauty fir'd,
This matchless fair in crouds admir'd ;
Tho' matchless then, yet here's her marrow,
Mary Scot's the flower of Yarrow.

Whose beauty unadorn'd by art,
With virtue join'd attracts each heart ;
Her negligence itself would charm you.
She scarcely knows her power to warm you.

For ever cease Italian noise ;
Let every string, and every voice,
Sing Mary Scot, without a marrow,
Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow.



THursday, in the morn, the nineteenth of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing now :
All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line ;
Let every hand supply his gun,
Follow me, and you'll see
That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant rowl'd,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep ;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English Admiral at his feet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire ;
And mighty Fate stood looking on,
Whilst a flood, all of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the Rising Sun.

Sulphur, smোক, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore ;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see the lofty streamers now no more :
At six o'clock, the Red, the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow :
Now death and horror equal reign,
Now they cry, run or die.
British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they fly, amaz'd, thro' rocks and sands,
 One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate;
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.
 For evermore adieu, thou dazzling Rising Sun,
 From thy untimely end thy Master's fate begun :
 Enough, thou mighty God of War !
 Now we sing, blest the King !
 Let us drink to every British tar.

WHEN Britain first, by Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain ;
 Hail Britannia, Britannia rule the waves ;
 Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall ;
 But thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish safe and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Hail Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
 Their dire attempts ne'er bend thee down ;
 This will but rouse, but rouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe in thy renown.
 Hail Britannia, &c.

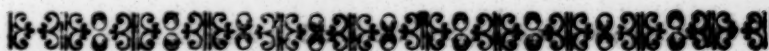
The muses still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair :
 Blest Isle ! with beauty, with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the Fair.
 Hail Britannia, &c.

K I N G ' s A N T H E M.

FAME, let thy trumpet sound,
 Tell all the world around,
 Great George is king.
 Tell Rome, and France, and Spain,
 Britannia scorns their chain ;
 All their vile arts are vain,
 Great George is king.

May Heaven his life defend,
 And make his race extend
 Wide as his fame.
 Thy choicest blessings shed,
 On his most sacred head,
 And make his foes to dread,
 Great George's name.

He peace and plenty brings,
 While Rome's deluded kings
 Waste and destroy:
 Then let his people sing,
 Long live Great George our king,
 From whom such blessings spring,
 Freedom and Joy.



C A T C H E S.

SINCE my Phillis has fallen, has fallen to my share,
 In a bumper I'll drink, I'll drink, I'll drink to the fair.
 Let the man hear who envies me most,
 Let him bid me say more, say more, say more to the toast.
 For the larger I'll soon, soon change my cup,
 To the brim fill the constable, to the brim fill the constable,
 To the brim fill the constable up.

JACK, thou'rt a toper, Jack thou'rt a toper,
 Let's have t'other quart;
 King, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,
 We're so sober, so sober, so sober,
 'Twere a shame to part.

None but a cuckold, a cuckold, a cuckold, a cuckold,
 Bully'd by his wife for coming, coming,
 Coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,
 Coming, coming, coming late, fears a domestic strife,
 I'm free, I'm free, and so are you, so are you, so are you
 Call and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly, (too,
 Knock boldly, knock boldly,
 Tho' watchmen cry, Past two o'clock.

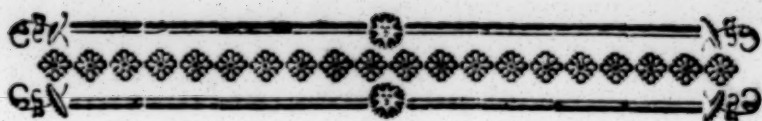
HAD she not care enough, care enough,
 Had she not care enough of the old man?
 She wed him, she fed him, and to the bed she led him,
 For seven long winters she helped him on.
 But oh! how she nigl'd him, nigl'd him, nigl'd him,
 Oh! how she nigl'd him, all the night long.

HARK! the bonny Chrifl-church bells,
 One, two, three, four, five, fix.
 They found fo woundy great, fo wond'rous sweet,
 And they trowl fo merrily. merrily.
 Hark! the firft and fecond bell,
 That every day, at four and ten,
 Cries, Come, come, come, come to pray'rs,
 And the Verger troops before the Dean.
 Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the fmall bell at nine,
 To call the bearers home;
 But the ne'er a man will leave his cann,
 Till he hear the mighty Tom.

AARON thus propos'd to Mofes,
 Come let us fuddle, fuddle our nofes:
 Mofes reply'd again to Aaron,
 'Twill do us more harm than you're aware on;
 Wine has a celeftial charm in't,
 Therefore there can be no harm in't;
 If you wou'd be Aaron's brother,
 Then whip off this bottle, and call for another.

A Hogfhead was offer'd to Bacchus his fhine,
 The god was offended becaufe 'twas white w'ne;
 Then curft in a paffion, Damn't, rot it, and m r it,
 Didft ever know Bacchus drink other than claret?
 So the jolly red god having empty'd the white wine,
 Return'd the poor vot'ry the hogfhead to fhite in.

PR'ythee, fill me the glafs, till it laughs in my face,
 With ale that is potent and mellow:
 He that whines for a lafs is an ignorant afs,
 For a bumper has not its fellow.



THE EDINBURGH BUCK.

*An EPILOGUE, written by Mr. R. FERGUSSON,
and spoken by Mr. WILSON, in the Theatre-royal.*

YE, who oft finish care in Lethe's cup,
Who love to swear, and roar, and—*keep it up,*
Lift' to a brother's voice, whose sole delight,
Is *sleep* all day, and *riot* all the night.

Last night, when potent draughts of mellow wine
Did sober Reason into Wit refine;
When lusty Bacchus had contriv'd to drain
The fullen vapours from our shallow brain,
We sallied forth (for Valour's dazzling sun
Up to his bright meridian had run);
And, like renowned Quixotte and his 'Squire,
Spoils and adventures were our sole desire.

First we approach'd a seeming sober dame,
Preceded by a lanthorn's pallid flame,
Borne by a livery'd puppy's servile hand,
The slave obsequious of her stern command.
“Curse on those cits,” said I, “who dare disgrace
“Our streets at midnight with a sober face;
“Let never Tallow-chandler give them light,
“To guide them thro' the dangers of the night.”—
The valet's cane we snatch'd, and, demme! I
Made the frail lanthorn on the pavement ly.
The Guard, still watchful of the liege's harm,
With slow-pac'd motion stalk'd at the alarm.
“Guard, seize the rogues!”—the angry madam cry'd,
And all the Guard with—*Cease ta rogue*—reply'd.

As in a war, there's nothing judg'd so right
As a concerted and prudential flight;
So we, from Guard and scandal to be freed,
Left them the field, and burial of their dead.

Next we approach'd the bounds of George's-square,
 Blest place ! No watch, no constables come there.
 Now had they borrow'd Argus' eyes who saw us,
 All was made dark and desolate as chaos :
 Lamps tumbl'd after lamps, and lost their lustres,
 Like Doomsday, when the stars shall fall in clusters.
 Let Fancy paint what dazzling glory grew
 From chrystal gems, when Phebus came in view :
 Each shatter'd orb ten thousand fragments strews,
 And a new sun in ev'ry fragment shews.

Hear then, my Bucks ! how drunken fate decreed us
 For a nocturnal visit to the Meadows,
 And how we, val'rous champions ! durst engage—
 O deed unequall'd !—both the bridge and cage,
 The rage of perilous winters which had stood,
 This 'gainst the wind, and that against the flood ;
 But what nor wind, nor flood, nor heav'n could bend e'er,
 We tumbl'd down, my Bucks, and made surrender.

What are your far fam'd warriors to us,
 'Bout whom historians make such mighty fuzz :
 Posterity may think it was uncommon,
 That Troy should be pillag'd for a woman ;
 But ours your ten years sieges will excel,
 And justly be esteem'd the Nonpareil.
 Our cause is slighter than a dame's betrothing,
 For all these mighty feats have sprung from *Nothing*.



F I N I S.

